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# SONGS OF SCOTLAND



JOHN REID



JOHN FOORD

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# SONGS OF SCOTLAND

A SELECTION

BY

JOHN REID

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WITH AN ESSAY

BY

JOHN FOORD

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## PREFACE.


This collection is the outcome of many years' singing and enjoyable association with the songs and melodies of my native land—compiled without any idea of publication, but simply with a desire to bring together in permanent form for myself and friends, the songs as I have sung them, and which, I think, represent the flower of Scotland's lyric verse.

In publishing this book I have yielded to the strongly expressed desire of my many Scottish friends, especially relying upon the advice and assistance of my friend and countryman, Mr. John Foord, who, in consenting to write an essay on Scotland's Songs, has given an added value and charm to the work, which would in itself justify its publication and which I feel will be thoroughly appreciated by all lovers of Scotland and of Scotland's songs whoe'er and where'er they may be.

“For doth not song  
To the whole world belong?  
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,  
Wherever hearts can melt or blushes glow,  
Or mirth or sadness mingle as they flow,  
A heritage to all?”

JOHN REID.





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# SCOTLAND'S SONGS.

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“**O**R sing a sang at least!” It seems but a simple thing and a little thing at best, because in its highest form it conveys no sense of effort and sounds as spontaneous as the note of a bird. But in this generation of ours in which the ingenuity of man has accomplished more than was ever done in any similar period of the world's history, this simple act of song-writing is a lost art. I mean song-writing of a kind that is imperishable, and the power and memory of which can fade only with the submergence of the people among whom the primary human passions and emotions found that way of becoming vocal. Though the ability to make songs that defy the changes of time and circumstance is no longer with us, the capacity abides to find in them a constant source of refreshment and delight for heart and brain, otherwise this collection would not have seen the light.

At the risk of appearing to bandy compliments, I must adduce the emotions excited among thousands of listeners by John Reid's rendering of these songs as proof of the vitality of the popular sentiment and feeling of which they are at once the product and expression. I have known of no such delicately and deeply sympathetic interpreter of Scottish song as the man whom all that in any way have shared his enthusiasm have been proud to call their friend. Nothing save the best could appeal to him, and the songs he deemed best are reproduced here. But the impression made by his singing of these, presupposes, on the part of his auditors, a perception of their beauty and their charm which age has not withered nor custom staled.

It is nevertheless, a fact which is suggestive, if not singular, that in the generation of whose triumphs the Forth Bridge is a typical example, there should be found no man or woman capable of putting together so simple a piece of lyric verse as “Aye Waukin' O!” The song—a mere rhythmic sigh—as slight and intangible a thing as human thought could beget,—will in all probability outlast the Bridge, because every vibration of the structure advances the granular deterioration of the steel of which it is composed, while every vibration of the heart-strings, responsive to the sentiment of the song, merely attests its immortality. But the men who built the Bridge, and thought out all its harmonies of stability, tension, re-



sistance, were not necessarily prosaic, because this was the supreme expression of their order of capacity. To every generation its own triumphs; to every age its own dominant impulses.

The industrial age—the age of machine-made products—had only begun to set its seal on Scottish life and character a century ago. For long generations before, the even tenor of the domestic habits of the Scottish people had undergone only a very gradual process of change. The amusements that brightened the long winter nights, and the “ploys” that found their place in the summer gloamings of the time of Burns, were not greatly different from those of two hundred years before. Social pleasures were, necessarily, of the simplest, and for the most part had to be home-made. It was in the circle around the cottage hearth that Scottish character was molded and educated—the gayer no less than the graver side of it. The readiest mode of appeal to that circle in their hours of relaxation was by music and song, and the character of both must have been very early fixed by the simple purpose they had to serve, and by the paucity of the means provided for their interpretation.

I am fully impressed with the difficulty of attempting anything like a well-ordered summary of the development of any of the impulses or influences that have gone to the making of the life, the literature or the history of Scotland. The rudimentary difficulty of accounting for the making, out of elements apparently so incongruous, of a people united by a certain intense consciousness of the possession of a common country and a common destiny, is so obvious that a pundit of our own race has recently declared that it is not too much to say that there never has been a national Scottish character. That I take to be equivalent to saying that Scottish history can be explained without assuming the existence of Scottish patriotism, and that the failure of the Plantagenets to make Scotland an appanage of the English Crown was solely due to the unaccountable objection of the Northumbrians who had settled in Lothian to be reunited with their brethren between Tweed and Humber.

It is doubtless hard to explain how a passionate devotion to national unity attained the power it did over races so diverse as those which peopled Scotland; how the overmastering desire for national independence swept away all the racial and tribal causes of division between Lowlander and Gael, Pict and Scot, Galwegian and Briton of Strathclyde; men of the Merse, of the Mearns, of the Border and the Kingdom of Fife. But a common attachment to the ideal, of which Scotland was, to the patriotism of our Fathers, the concrete expression, must be taken for granted, no less than the pervasive passion for freedom, else had our Motherland been as Ireland, and all its hopes of liberty and independence had collapsed before the first onset of the Norman chivalry.

And here let it be noted that in all the civil strife which figures so largely in the history of Scotland, there never was any thought of compromising the independence of the Kingdom, even though one side may have sought aid from France as the other did from England. The flame of Scottish patriotism glowed as clearly in the breasts of the men whose rallying cry was “Christ’s Crown and Covenant” as of those who fought for the cause of the exiled house of Steward. It is probably an unconscious recognition of this fact to which our people owe their reputation for what outside observers have described by the somewhat misleading term of “clannishness.” For, the spirit of the clan or sept is a solvent and



not a cement of national organization, as has been frequently attested in the history of the Scotch themselves, and, most disastrously so, in the history of their first cousins, the Irish. If it be intended to mean that the term "Scotsman" describes one comprehensive clan, embracing Lowlander and Highlander, Borderer and Islander alike, the accuracy of the term need not be disputed.

Dr. Johnson was accustomed to accuse Scotsmen of having an intolerable propensity to exalt each other, comparing them in this respect unfavorably with the Irish, who, he said "are not in a conspiracy to cheat the world by false representations of the merits of their countrymen. No, Sir; the Irish are a fair people;—they never speak well of one another." Macaulay touches another manifestation of the same general characteristic, which, if it does not explain much that is otherwise inexplicable in Scottish history, nevertheless attests the essential unity of national sentiment which has gone to the making of the national heritage of Scottish song. In noting the fact that the Battle of Killiecrankie and the Battle of Newton Butler were fought in the same week; that both were victories of irregular over regular troops; that one was gained by Celts over Saxons and the other by Saxons over Celts, the historian points out that although the victory of Killiecrankie was neither more splendid nor more important than the victory of Newton Butler, it is far more widely renowned, and chiefly for this reason; in Scotland all the great actions of both races are thrown into a common stock and are considered as making up the glory which belongs to the whole country. Nothing is more usual than to hear a Lowlander talk with complacency and even with pride of the most humiliating defeat that his ancestors ever underwent. "When Sir Walter Scott mentions Killiecrankie he seems utterly to forget that he was of the same blood and of the same speech with Ramsay's foot and Annandale's horse; his heart swelled with triumph when he related how his own kindred had fled like hares before a smaller number of warriors of a different breed and of a different tongue."

I am not unmindful of the fact that what we speak of, and what is presented here, as Scottish song, is a twin product. Little as we know about the productions or the personality of the earliest Scottish minstrels, we are warranted in concluding that they had, to an unusual degree, the gift of poetic insight, and a quite exceptional range of poetic feeling. Burns, who was a diligent student of the work of his nameless predecessors said of them:

"There is a noble sublimity, a heart-melting tenderness, in some of our ancient ballads, which show them to be the work of a masterly hand; and it has often given me many a heart-ache to reflect, that such glorious old bards—bards who very probably owed all their talents to native genius, yet have described the exploits of heroes, the pangs of disappointment, and the meltings of love with such fine strokes of nature—that their very names are now 'buried among the wreck of things which were.'"

Regarding merely the musical part of the combination, the further we grope after the beginnings of Scottish melody, the more the wonder grows at its adaptiveness and variety. On what rests the fame of the best of our known Scottish song-writers? Certainly not on the composition of lyrics that others set to music. They wrote their songs to furnish words for the old airs with which every strath, and carse and glen of their country was vocal; many of them dance tunes, but many more also, or solely, the disembodied spirits of ancient Scottish song. However varied the moods of the greatest of Scottish song-writers, none of



them ever had any difficulty in finding an old air to be the vehicle of his pathos, his humor, his patriotism or his passion. We may at least hazard the conjecture that the coarseness and frank indecency which had become encrusted on many of the old airs, were of the nature of accumulated dross and not at all part of the original form of expression.

I am aware of the folly of making our conventional proprieties of speech the measure of delicacy or indelicacy in less prudish times. But it seems reasonable to hold it to be impossible that a beautiful and indestructible body of national music should come into existence without being accompanied by articulate words worthy of the soul that informed it. But why were the original words forgotten while the airs were kept alive? First, they were made before such productions were thought worthy of being preserved as literature, and second, because the people for whom they were made had changed their language without changing their traditions or character. The Teutonic dialect that became the speech of the Celts of Strathclyde and spread among the no less Celtic people between Lothian and the foot of the Grampians, changed many things, but it did not change the susceptibility of the Scottish heart to the influence of Scottish melody.

In groping our way amid the half light of early Scottish history, I do not think that we shall derive much assistance by invoking the spirit that is characteristically Celtic as contrasted with that which is fundamentally Teutonic. Conquest implies assimilation, just as surely as peaceful migration implies mixture. Thus, whatever theory we may adopt about the racial elements that have gone to the making of the Scottish people, I can see no escape from the conclusion that on either side of the Grampians, these elements were so blended as to yield an amalgam quite unlike any national product met with elsewhere, and, in all its familiar varieties having certain distinctive peculiarities which were shared by all alike. The physical aspects and conditions of the district of country in which they lived had probably more to do with molding the characteristics of this people than any dominant racial qualities, and the pervasive influence of a common history was doubtless as powerful as either. But we may safely assert from what we know of the songs of the Gael, that their rusticity had a finer and more imaginative fibre than those of the Lowland Scots, and, as I have already intimated, their tunes were preserved among people who, in the course of generations, associated them with words which were often totally unworthy of them.

From whatever source came the love of music among the people who inhabited Scotland, there can be no question about its antiquity. The vocation of the ballad-monger in the Land o' Cakes must have been a very popular one at a very early time. The parliament of 1449, in providing for the suppression of the hordes of "Maisterful strang and idle beggars" with which the country was infested, enumerated among these "bairdes and ither sik like rinnares about." That is to say, by the middle of the Fifteenth century the ancient and honorable order of Bards and Harpers had so increased that they swarmed over the country, and, because of the entertainment they could always command, were accused of eating up the people's substance. But, while the penalty of being scourged and "burnt throw the eare with ane hote iron" doubtless had a discouraging influence on the great army of vagrant bards, even parliament did not forget what it owed to the culture of the national music. Shortly after the accession of James VI. to the Scottish throne there was enacted this memorable statute:



"For instruction of the youth in the art of musik and singing, quhilk is almaist decayit, and sall schortly decay, without tymous remeid be providit, our Soverane Lord, with avise of his three estates of this present Parliament, requestes the Provest, baillies, counsale, and communitie of the maist speciall burrowis of this realme, and of the patronis and provestis of the collegis quhair sang scuilis are foundat, to erect and sett up ane sang scuill, with ane maister sufficient and able for instruction of the yowth in the said science of musik, and they will answer to his Hienes upoun the perrill of their foundationis, and in performing of his Hienes requeist do unto his Majestie acceptable and gude plesure."

Whether it was the wave of reforming zeal that swept over the land or the suppression of the bards and harpers, or both, that was responsible for the decay of the art of music and singing in the latter part of the Sixteenth century, it were bootless to inquire. Happily, though the "bairdes" had been thinned out, the pipers remained. For centuries the common minstrels were the Corporation pipers maintained at the public expense. There were three of them in Edinburgh at the end of the Fifteenth century, and any householder who found it inconvenient to billet them, when his turn came, had to pay ninepence, that is "to ilk piper three pence at the leist." A favourite air of these pipers from the earliest times was "Hey now the day dawes," which is better known as "Hey, Tuttie, Taitie," and is the tune of "Scots wha hae," in one measure and of "The Land o' the Leal" in another.

However low the pre-Reformation average of general culture may have been in Scotland, there is every evidence that the standard of musical education was high. In Sir David Lindsay's "Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis" there are numerous references to the popularity of part singing, as thus:

"I haue sic pleasour at my hart,  
That garris me sing THE TROUBILL PAIRT;  
Wald sum gude fallow fill the quart,  
It wad my hairt reioyce."

So also, in that memorable production "The complaynt of Scotland," published at St. Andrews in 1549, the company of shepherds with their wives and children whose hillside pastimes are graphically described, sang "sueit melodius sangis of natural music of the antiquite; . . . in gude accordis and reportis of dyapason, prolations, and dyatesseron." In rehearsing some of the sweet songs discoursed by the shepherds, the author mentions thirty-six which were presumably fairly representative of the popular music of the time, in the Scottish lowlands. Not more than half a dozen of these have been preserved, and it is a notable fact that all of them which have come down to us were the common property of the people on both sides of the border. It is perhaps natural that in these the Scottish vernacular should have no recognizable place. In the sixteenth century there may have been an interval as wide between the speech of the common people of England and Scotland as there was two centuries later, but the native lowland tongue when employed as a literary medium, differed but little from that used by the masters of English verse.

The "Scottis" into which, in 1513, Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, translated Virgil, differs only slightly from the English of Chaucer a century and a half earlier, and the songs mentioned in some of the prologues of the various books of the Aeneid appear

to have been the common property of both nations. "Hey now the dāy dawes" is thus referred to in one of Douglas's couplets:

"Thareto thir birdis singis in thare schawis,  
As menstralis playis, 'The ioly day now dawis' "

But in a collection of musical pieces made about the year 1500 there is a song which seems to have been written as a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., and wife to Henry VII., beginning thus:

"This day day dawes,  
This gentil day dawes,  
And I must home gone."

When this air came to be known in Scotland under the name of "Hey, Tuttie, Taitie," an obviously baseless tradition declared it to be Robert Bruce's March at the Battle of Bannockburn. The tenacity with which Burns adhered to his preference for this over "Lewie Gordon" as the air of "Scots wha hae," finally resulted in wedding one of the oldest of Scottish tunes to the imperishable and incomparable Scottish war-ode.

On the life of no people did the Protestant Reformation make a deeper impression than on the Scottish. But it did not extinguish the taste for song. The Clergy of the Reformed Church recognizing how literally this was bred in the bone, contrived to put the old secular airs to sacred uses. The "Gude and Godlie Ballatis" are a monument alike to the fecundity of the popular muse of Scotland, and to the hold which its products had taken on the minds of both gentle and simple. To fit the old airs and the old themes with words and sentiments of pious significance, might have seemed a hopeless task to men less earnest and less familiar with their country's songs than those who undertook it. But the work was by no means ill done, and the vogue which for a time was secured by these sublimated folk-songs bore testimony at least to the sympathetic touch of the pious lyrists.

It is hardly possible that the profoundly religious sentiment of our race should have been born with the Reformation, just as it is hardly conceivable that under the discipline of the Old Church the common people of Scotland should have been allowed to dwell in the night of intellectual and spiritual darkness. That the religious consciousness of Scotland had a new birth in the second half of the sixteenth century, is sufficiently plain. That the new religious life should be dominated by convictions of peculiar intensity is quite as much part of the national character as that there should be a somewhat intolerant thoroughness in the way the new edifice of a democratic religious policy was constructed. But, if the wave of a new-begotten zeal for the ideals of a sterner faith, which swept over the land, seems to have interrupted for a time the process of song-making, there is no reason to suppose that it dulled the appreciation of the people for their native lyrics.

There is no more fascinating phase of the study of what, *pace* Dr. Wallace, I must persist in calling Scottish character, than its singular compound of opposites. Dour and serious, but pawky and humorous withal; ascetic on one side of his mind, and jovial on the other; much given to hair-splitting logic, yet profoundly sentimental and intensely romantic, was the Scotsman of an older time, as is, to an only slightly modified extent, the Scotsman of to-day. How naturally and inevitably the flower of song bloomed in the Scottish heart even when filled with the gravest cares for the safety of Church and State, and deeply



touched with the fervor of the new faith, has a fine illustration in the life and environment of Lady Grisell Hume, the author of "Werena my heart licht I wad dee." Born and bred in the very thick of the Covenanting struggle, the daughter of a sturdy fighter for the cause, Grisell's girlhood years were darkened by close familiarity with persecution and danger, yet she bore through life a spirit as blithe and a gift as natural for the rendering of song as the mavis of her native land.

One likes to think, with Miss Findlay, of the Scottish exiles in Holland listening to Grisell as she sings in the oak-panelled room of the old house in Utrecht:

"Oh, the ewe-buchtin's bonnie baith e'ening and morn  
When our blithe shepherds play on the bog-reed and horn;  
While we're milking they're lilting baith pleasant and clear,  
But my heart's like to break when I think of my dear."

And, thinking of the brave men and devoted women who found in their banishment solace like this, one is tempted to conclude that, in some essential respects at least, there had not been so much of a breach after all between the old Scotland and the new.

Come down a century later, and by way of illustrating the same idea, consider the case of Carolina Oliphant of Gask, born in 1766, as Grisell Hume was in 1665. In the latter, the old gay fondness for dance and song dwells beside the austere virtues of the Covenanter; in the former, the spirit of the Cavalier and Jacobite is associated with the heart-searching piety of the Puritan. It is curious to read of the author of "He's ower the hills that I lo'e weel"; and "Will ye no come back again"? cradled in the heart of Jacobite Scotland and named "after the King," rebuking Sir Walter for being bold enough "to single out God's servants for derision as he did the Covenanters, placing them in a light so false." It is no less curious to recall the strict anonymity with which she guarded her authorship of some of the finest songs in our or any language, and most curious of all to find that her zeal for the purification of Scottish song should have carried her and certain worthy ladies associated with her, so far as seriously to contemplate the bowdlerizing of Burns.

The point which I am trying to press home is that of all the products of the Scottish mind, none has its roots quite so deep in the heart of the people as Scottish song; that it found clear and melodious expression under conditions apparently alien to it; that no matter in what grade of social condition, level of culture or phase of political or religious sentiment it had its origin, all of it that was fitted to stand the test of time made a direct appeal to the appreciation of the common people of Scotland. That is merely another way of saying, what has been often said before, that in Scottish song the singer, in his best estate, has been merely the spokesman of the people.

Pedants like Ritson have criticised Burns for his lack of conscientiousness in editing the old songs—for the freedom with which he adapted and transmuted them into new forms. Leaving out of sight the fact that in the alembic of the genius of Burns base metal was changed into gold,—that he adorned and, in most cases, refined all that he touched,—both the words and the music of Scottish songs have been subject to one long process of adaptation. They only became fixed in their form of expression when they were no longer orally transmitted, and when they ceased to be the one sure method of appeal to the pop

ular heart. While they passed from mouth to mouth, the text was a composite product of the changes made by successive generations. It may often have been the broadest, rather than the best, that survived in the wording of the songs, but it may be affirmed with some positiveness that no fine air which ever caught the popular ear was allowed to perish. It is true that if we are to look for names merely, we should have to conclude that oblivion had covered the tunes of practically the whole body of Scottish dance music—always interchangeable with song music—which was popular in the sixteenth century. But, rest assured that with few if any exceptions, the tunes to which the shepherds and their wives dance in "The Complaynt of Scotland" are with us still, though the titles of all of them have been changed.

Thus, when we speak of the "common inheritance" of Scottish song, it is well to remember how much of literal truth there is in the phrase. The reasons why Robert Burns found the construction of it peculiarly binding, seem to have eluded the comprehension of most of his critics and biographers. Even to the subtle intelligence of Robert Louis Stevenson it is quite incomprehensible why Burns should have refused to accept a penny for the songs he contributed to the collections of Johnson and Thomson. The practical common sense of Robert Chambers equally fails to find the true explanation for this apparent eccentricity. And yet, one need not search very deeply into the heart of Burns to see why he should regard the acceptance of fee or reward for this work as a "prostitution of soul." For one thing, he did not feel that the songs were entirely his own. He caught up the echoes of his country's minstrelsy and he made them live. Sometimes it was an old tune doing duty as a reel or strathspey, sometimes a melody less palpable than that, haunting the popular recollection like a disembodied spirit waiting reincarnation; sometimes there were vulgar and stupid words wedded to an air of exquisite sweetness, sometimes a fragmentary verse or two of an ancient ballad, but in all cases there was the expression in musical form of the thoughts and feelings of generations who had lived and loved before Burns was born. It may be a fine distinction, that between transmutation and authorship, and but few poets have stopped to make it, still it was not too fine for Robert Burns. To his ear, the Scottish air was vibrant with the tones of half-forgotten music, of wholly-forgotten authorship. It seemed to him that he owed it to the dead to do them the loving service of interpreting them to the living, but the duty was too sacred to be done for a fee. He felt in his heart that without them he had not been; that the mantle which the Poetic Genius of his country had thrown around him was brodered with many and various names, among them those of Kings and Bishops no less than of strolling beggars, of quiet home-loving folk as of feckless gangrel bodies, but all of whom had at least this in common that they loved Scotland and obeyed the impulse to perpetuate her fame in song. Burns knew more of the popular music of his country than any man of his time, but he had gleaned his knowledge from the most familiar sources. Now it was the singing of a country girl, now of a lady of high degree; now a dominie and then a strolling fiddler yielded him the rendering of an old air, and he was unable to divest himself of the idea that he, like they, was merely passing it on, and that it would be sacrilege to treat it as a thing of bargain and sale.

Nor was this feeling peculiar to Burns. Some touch of business calculation may



have entered into the enthusiasm with which Honest Allan Ramsay and the "ingenious young gentlemen," who participated in his labors, addressed themselves to the task of recreating the whole body of Scottish song by clothing it in the vernacular of their time. But such an enterprise could hardly have been long sustained by hope of reward, any more than was the later enterprise of James Johnson, a poor illiterate working engraver in Edinburgh, whose enthusiasm for the songs of Scotland prompted him to start what became the Scots Musical Museum, and into the making and enriching of which Burns threw himself with characteristic fervor, devoting to it the greater part of his time and energy for four years of his life. And though hard things have been said and written of George Thomson, the "conventional Government clerk," to the making of whose "Scotish Airs" Burns devoted the four years of life that remained to him, he was certainly not spurred to his ambitious endeavor by much expectation of gain. In short, just as our forefathers would have left us no such legacy as is to be found in the priceless possession of Scottish song, had the dominant notes of their character been prudent thrift and canny shrewdness, so the legacy never would have been guarded with care so reverent and so unselfish had the very nature of the thing itself not somehow excluded all thought of turning it to profitable account.

Ample evidence of the common bond which song supplied between the highest and the humblest of Scotsmen, is to be found both in its favorite themes and its most characteristic forms of expression. The life of the lowly yields most of the subject matter for the one, as the most perfect simplicity pervades and governs the other. It is true that the Scottish song writer sometimes made a specialty of what is known as Society verse, as did Hamilton of Bangour. But the fact that his fame lives in "The Braes of Yarrow," written in "the ancient Scottish manner," and not in the production of elegant trifles like

"Oh wouldst thou know her sacred charms,  
Who this destined heart alarms,"

is merely another illustration of the fact that the Scottish song which has defied time makes its direct appeal to the popular heart and the popular understanding. The doubt about the authorship of "Pebblis to the Play" does not rest upon any assumption that its subject or its method was foreign to the taste of James Stewart, first of the name, King of Scotland, and it is at least suggestive of the fact that in the domain of song king's "caff" was not rated higher than other folk's corn, to find the "Gaberlunzie Man" and the "Beggar's Meal Pokes" attributed to James the Fifth.

The noble ladies who have enriched Scottish song affected neither preciosity of style nor of subject. The daughter of the Earl of Marchmont draws her inspiration from the songs that were treasured among the humble folk on her father's estate at Red-braes. To the granddaughter of the first Earl of Minto, brooding over the composition of a new ballad of Flodden field, there come out of the past two haunting lines—

"I've heard them lilting at our yowe-milking,  
                                  \*   \*   \*   \*  
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away."

The daughter of the fifth Earl of Balcarres writes "Auld Robin Gray" as there sings in her ears the old tune of a typically broad Scottish ballad which she had from an eccentric kinswoman whose favorite avocation was the fabrication of shoes for the Earl's farm horses.



Lady Nairne, as aristocratic as she was pious, finds her real vocation of song-writer, of which she was through life half-ashamed, in composing a new version of the old song of "The Pleughman", and touches in "Caller Herrin'" the note of democracy though with less emphasis yet with not less force than Burns does in "A man's a man for a' that." If ever there was a true Republic of Letters it existed among the men and women who made the songs of Scotland, and the utter absence from it of class distinction is accentuated by the long fixed standard of excellence which it was the effort of both gentle and simple among them to attain. Joanna Baillie's "Plays of the Passions" belong to the dead things of literature because both in style and sentiment they walk on stilts, but her "Saw ye Johnny Comin'?" is for all time, because it is a transcript of the rustic human nature of Scotland. "Women," wrote Byron, "(save Joanna Baillie) cannot write tragedy." Alas! For the fleeting glory of "Montfort's hate and Basil's love," and hey for the immortality of the Scottish ploughman

"Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,  
And his doggie runnin'!"

There is food for thought in the reflection that, harsh and colorless as many of its aspects were, the daily life of the Scottish people had always lent itself easily and naturally to song. The inmates of the Ha' undertook its interpretation with as much fervor as the inmates of the cottage or the shieling. Even when the Ha' spoke for itself in words that live, it was in the terms of "The Auld Hoose" of Gask, which are drawn from the same vocabulary of sentiment and emotion as "The Cottar's Saturday Night" and the description given by that "gash and faithfu' tyke" Luath of his master's peasant home. And so, while titled folk sought their inspiration in humble life when they took to the making of Scottish song, the songs that were born among the humble folk themselves were, in the most conspicuous instances, informed by a delicacy and refinement which might seem foreign to their origin. Take the extreme case of poor, "stravagin'" Jean Glover whom Burns found leading a life that jarred even on his broad human toleration. Pathetic though the picture is, it does not come any nearer to the respectable, to have the testimony of an old woman who remembered having seen Jean at a fair in Irvine, gaudily attired and playing on a tambourine at the mouth of a close in which was situated the exhibition of the "sleight-of-hand blackguard" who was her husband. It adds not a little to the pathos of Jean's position to have the added testimony that she was "the brawest woman that ever stepped in leather shoon!" but had we more light on the subject it would not lessen the marvel that from such a soil should have sprung flowers of song of such tender and exquisite beauty as "Ower The Muir Among The Heather" and the half-forgotten "Cruik and Plaid."

But why multiply examples to illustrate the fact that Scottish song is of no class or degree; that it could bloom among shiftless vagrants as spontaneously as among the best in the land, when we know that "The Jolly Beggars" is a transcript from life? Doubtless the "merry core o' randie, gangrel bodies" who "in Poosie-Nansie's held the splore, to drink their orra duddies" stand revealed for all coming time in the light of the lambent flame of the genius of Robert Burns. It is in his opalescent language that they sing, and with his humor and imagination that they are inspired. But the raw material was there ready to the poet's hand, in the beggars' "ken" on which Burns and his two friends looked in that winter's



night at Mauchline in 1785. Compare all that has been attempted in the same line, from the "Beggar's Opera" down, with the indestructible reality and power of this wild and frowsy revel, in which there is no detail however minute which does not add to the general effect, and say whether the Scottish tinkler, strolling fiddler and knavish mendicant must not have possessed qualities which are non-existent among their like elsewhere, to lend themselves without either speaking or acting outside of their own character, to the production of the immortal "Cantata." And yet it is certain that Burns never intended to publish "The Jolly Beggars" and that the universal and pervasive influence of their national songs over the minds and hearts of his people was so much of a commonplace to him as entirely to exclude the thought of how convincingly the scene at Poesie-Nansie's might serve for an illustration.

No epitome of Scottish song could be fairly typical of the rich product of the National Muse if its dominant theme were not the passion of love. As a matter of fact, more than half of the songs contained in this volume find their subject and their inspiration in some phase or aspect of that mood of the heart's desire which is usually denominated as "tender." Burns quotes Aikin as saying that love and wine are the exclusive themes for song writing and in sending Thompson the lines of "A Man's A Man For A' That," says that as these are on neither subject, it is consequently no song but merely "two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme."

The emphatic avowal of Burns that the ever-flowing source of his inspiration was the charms of woman might have been made by most of his predecessors, but it is curious to trace the endless variations in the way with which the feminine note is touched by the song writers of Scotland. One is tempted to think that even before the essential democracy of the Reformed Kirk allowed the auld wives to be the most caustic critics of the sermon, woman held among the common people of Scotland a place not conceded to her elsewhere. It seemed a natural thing for the author of the "Complaynt of Scotland" to have the wife of one of his shepherds interrupt the lofty but rambling discourse of her husband concerning the philosophers of the ancient world after this fashion: "My veil belouit hisband, i pray the to decist fra that tideus melancolic orison quhilk surpasses thy ingyne, be rason that it is nocht thy factulte to disput in one profund mater, the quhilk thy capacite can nocht comprehend." The ballad of "Tak Your Auld Cloak About You!" is at least quite as old, and though it may be claimed as the common possession of the people on both sides of the border, there is an undeniably Scottish flavor in the surrender of the gude man:

"Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife;  
But she wad guide me, if she can,  
And to maintain an easy life,  
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman,  
Nocht's to be won at woman's hand,  
Unless ye gie her a' the plea:  
Then I'll leave aff where I began,  
And tak my auld cloak about me."

"Get up and bar the door"—of an antiquity which is probably equally respectable—suggests that the "better half" of the married pair was accustomed to live up to the title in days before it was commonly used to designate the wife. Testimony of a less agreeable kind to the lack of wifely subordination in Scotland of the olden time may be found in the "Scotch

Brawle" and the "Drucken Wife O' Galloway." The poem "Of Evill Wyffis" is said to have been written before 1568 and most of it is an invective more vigorous than polished on froward wives. But beneath all this girding at the follies of the female partner of the married state, there was doubtless a recognition of the fact that a good wife is the most precious of human possessions, and that the man who is cheated of it, by no fault of his own, has double cause for complaint. The prevalence of this note in early Scottish song suggests at least the importance of the role played by woman in the primitive society of the motherland.

That the lasses had decided ideas of their own about the placing of their affections is amply evidenced in songs like "Nae Dominies For Me, Laddie," "Scornfu' Nancy." "Haud Awa' Frae Me, Donald" and "For The Love O' Jean," of the older, and in still more copious instances in the later and more familiar repertoire. It is not without significance that "O Meikle Thinks My Love O' My Beauty" contains lines of a much older song; that "Last May A Braw Wooer" has for its model "The Lothian Lassie;" that "Whistle And I'll Come To You, My Lad" finds its air and sentiment in a song preserved in the Herd Mss., and that even "Tam Glen" is reputed to have had an earlier original. When one has said that the sentiment of all of them is characteristically Scottish, the statement is implied that from very early times the feminine mind in Scotland was permitted, nay, expected, to develop a marked degree of independence.

It is permissible to believe, as has been already indicated, that such of the beginnings of Scotland's songs as came from Gaelic sources bore a stamp of delicacy and refinement superior to that which was later impressed on the airs by their lowland Scotch adapters. But it is certain that in the evolution of the song literature of the vernacular, the process was steadily from a lower to a higher stage of refinement. Here and there in the early collections, there is a touch, as delicate as it is beautiful, like that in the fragment beginning:

"O gin my love were yon red rose  
That grows upon the castle wa' ;"

A large proportion of the older songs, however, because they were true to the human nature and the life of their time, partook of the coarseness of both. Among the Scottish Bacchanals which he is willing to let die, Thomson, in one of his letters to Burns mentions "Fy, Let Us A' To The Bridal," as "so coarse and vulgar that I think it fit only to be sung in a company of drunken colliers." Yet it seems to have been a highly popular ditty, and its author was Francis Semple of Beltrees who also wrote "Maggie Lauder" and passed for a gentleman and a scholar among people who thought themselves refined.

It is true that some of the old songs have been refined without being improved, nay even very much to their detriment. No one with a genuine taste for Scottish song would, for example, prefer Joanna Baillie's version of "Woo'd And Married And A'" to the original, however unconventional the latter may sound to modern ears. But, taking the contents of this volume as a fair presentation of the best that has survived of the work of the song-writers of Scotland, and it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the golden era of Scottish song was when all the rich inheritance of the past was still an inspiration, but when it was purified of its dross and made to conform to the eternal decencies of life and conduct. It needs but a slender acquaintance with the work of Burns to appreciate how pre-eminent is his title to be the great re-creator of his country's minstrelsy.



To the indebtedness of Burns to the past, I have already referred, and the present collection contains several instructive examples of the transforming effect of his work on older originals. Setting aside the cases in which he referred to his own verses as merely additions to an old song of which no original has been found, there can be no question about "Duncan Gray" being a variation on an older theme, any more than there can be about "Auld Lang Syne," "My Nannie O," "Willie Brewed," "My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose," "Here Awa', There Awa'," "Ca' The Ewes To The Knowes," and—not to repeat others already referred to—"John Anderson My Jo." The transformation of the last named from a vulgar and rather obscene ballad, suggestive of anything but connubial bliss, into the most delicate and beautiful lyric of wedded love in any language, is a shining example of the magic wrought by the alchemy of the genius of Robert Burns. Pitched in the higher key of spiritual exaltation "The Land O' The Leal," and instinct with the deep and true affection that binds the ties of home, "There's Nae Luck About The House" are worthy to take their place beside the work of the greatest of song writers.

The convivial side of the Scottish character has had copious expression in the songs of the people. But here again we must look to Burns in "Willie Brewed" for the consummate flower among the "bacchanals"—the drinking song that defies time and change of manners, and needs must transmit through all the ages the racy flavor of the revelry of the Scot who, even in his cups, preserves a sense of proportion, and an undimmed perception of things as they are. That "Auld Lang Syne" should have become the parting ditty for the social gatherings of all English-speaking people is a testimony not only to the sympathetic quality of the intuitions of the man who penned it, but to the wide range of human feeling covered by the song literature of which it is one of the most characteristic products. To compare the rather stilted commonplace of the older productions from which came the suggestion of "Auld Lang Syne," with the fine simplicity of diction and of sentiment in this immortal paean of human friendship, is to gain a new impression of the debt Scotland's songs owe to the Ayrshire ploughman.

It has been spoken of as a limitation of Burns that he gave no sign of being stirred, as Wordsworth was, by the emotions that came from the contemplation of natural scenery. But leaving his treatment of the beauty or terror of Nature in his poems out of the question, the fact should be borne in mind that Burns, like most of his fellow song-writers, drew by preference on Nature for images to adorn the human subjects of his verse withal. The broad statement is true, that throughout the whole course of Scottish song literature all Nature was drawn upon to aid in describing the charms of woman. From the stars of heaven to the flowers of earth, from the purple hillside to the pasture plain, from the wimplin' burnie to the mountain-girdled lake there was no gleam of beauty or radiant glow of splendor that was not pressed into the service of the enamored minstrel. It is a suggestive fact that in this whole collection there are no songs which deal with nature apart from a dominant human interest or sentiment.

Wordsworth is credited with having brought English poetry back to nature; but the poetry that was truly Scottish, that smacked of the soil and spoke of the language of the people, never strayed far from Nature. One reason of this was that it was made by folk mostly humble for other humble folk into whose blood had entered the beauty of "Bonnie

Scotland" and to whom her majesty and sublimity had given a certain elevation of soul. Allan Cunningham touches a characteristic note in the attitude of the Scottish exile in the lines:

"The sun rises bright in France,  
And fair sets he;  
But he has tint the blink he had  
In my ain countrie."

The beautiful companion song given here "Hame, Hame, Hame," takes its pathos from the sentiment of a lost cause rather than from the pangs of separation, but "O Why Left I My Hame," and "Scotland Yet" give in their different ways expression to the passionate attachment to home and country which had grown in the breast of the Scotsman through long generations of struggle for the freedom to possess the land and the chance to make its stubborn soil yield him a living.

The Gaelic note has a peculiar sadness of its own. "The Macgregors' Gathering" and "Lochaber No More" are Lowland interpretations of a spirit and a mood of mind which owing to a long struggle against superior strength became characteristic of all the branches of the great Celtic family. But the interpretation lacks nothing of sympathy or of truth, though the humorous rendering of the idiosyncracies of the Gael is much more common in Scottish vernacular song. On the gay side, without a touch of the satirical, "Alastair Mac-Alastair" and "Tullochgorum" have a charm which time does not lessen. But perhaps the most remarkable example of how the Lowland Muse has been inspired by Celtic enthusiasm is to be found in the Jacobite-songs with which our National Minstrelsy has been so copiously enriched. Hardly any of these were contemporaneous with the fifty years' struggle for the restoration of the House of Stewart. The best of them, at least, were written after the final setting of the star of that ill-fated race. Devotion to the Stewarts was by no means confined to the Highlands, but it would never have taken the form it did had not the clans furnished the backbone for the fighting strength of "Charlie." Yet, curiously enough, it is the Lowland song-writer who weaves the chaplet that adorns the grave of the lost cause, the Highland lyrists, even if Hogg's Gaelic original of "Come O'er The Stream Charlie" had any real existence, being all but voiceless either before or after the dark day of Culloden.

To the Jacobite cycle Burns made no very notable contributions, probably because "the forty-five" was a subject about which he was more prone to reason than to feel. It was all over thirteen years before he was born, but a man whose blood was fired by the American struggle for independence and the dawning promise of the French Revolution, could not get up much enthusiasm for the cause of the Stewarts. In his broad-minded way, he was able to do them justice, and he asks whether the royal contemporaries of the Stewarts were more attentive to their subjects' rights. In the same letter, written in November, 1788, occurs the passage: "The Stewarts have been condemned and laughed at for the folly and impracticability of their attempts in 1715 and 1745. That they failed, I bless God; but cannot join in the ridicule against them." But this is hardly the mood in which Jacobite song had its origin. With Lady Nairne the lost cause was not to be disposed of by cool reasoning, but made its appeal directly to the heart. Cradled not only in the heart of Jacobite Scotland, but in the home of the chief of Jacobite lairds, literally from her birth she was enrolled among



the adherents of the ill-fated house, that event being thus noted in the family register:—  
“Carolina, after the King, at Gask, August 16th, 1766.”

Lady Nairne must have heard from her father's lips how he brought to Edinburgh the news of the victory of Prestonpans; of how he braved the perils of the year of vengeance when he and her grandfather hid in the caves of Buchan with a price set upon their heads, and how with their kinsfolk of Robertson and Nairne they escaped to France and passed long years of exile there. Albeit a puritan of the puritans, Lady Nairne must have found it impossible to recall the incidents of the forty-five without a responsive heart throb and a tighter tension of the nerves. They were already passing into the romance of history when she was born, but she was near enough to them to be conscious of their reality yet far enough removed from them to miss their crudeness and feel only the blind devotion, the reckless daring and the heroic self-sacrifice which made them part of what is surely the most extraordinary drama of modern history. Jacobitism was something more than a mere poetic enthusiasm with Lady Nairne, though hardly with Sir Walter Scott or James Hogg, both of whose contributions to the last Scottish song-cycle that grew out of the romance of the nation's history, form part of this collection. The cause of the Stewarts had irrevocably passed into the realm of shadows when William Glen wrote “Wae's Me For Prince Charlie,” and yet what is almost the last of the series is perhaps the most exquisite lyric of them all.

If we have ceased to make songs like these, the faculty for appreciating them, happily, remains. Amid all the toil and struggle of existence, the estrangement born of separation, and the forgetfulness fostered by new responsibilities, is there anything that touches a deeper vein of feeling in the Scot abroad than the songs he learned in the home of his youth? There are but few of us who can remember a time when some of them had not touched our heart and imprinted themselves on our memory. For, even as our mother sat beside our cradle or crooned us on her knee, it was the auld Scots sangs that made our lullaby.

Nor is their power and their charm perceptible only to men and women of Scottish birth or ancestry. Their empire is world-wide; their sway over the human heart universal. What Ralph Waldo Emerson said of the songs of Burns, may be said with equal truth of the work of the whole tuneful band among whose names that of Burns stands first. “The wind whispers them, the birds whistle them, the corn, barley, and bulrushes hoarsely rustle them; nay, the music-boxes at Geneva are framed and toothed to play them; the hand-organs of the Savoyards in all cities repeat them, and the chimes of bells ring them in the spires. They are the property and the solace of mankind.”

JOHN FOORD.





# THE AULD SCOTCH SANGS

# THE AULD SCOTCH SANGS

*Andante e con molto espress.*

O sing to me the

auld Scotchsangs, I' the braid... Scottish tongue, The sangs my faither loved to hear, The

sangs my mither sung, When she sat be-side my cradle, Or.... croond me on her

knee, And I wad - na sleep, she sang sae sweet The auld Scotchsangsto me,..... And I

*sempre stacc.*

*giusto*



*ritard.* *ad lib.*

wad - na sleep, she sang sae sweet The auld Scotch sangs to me.....

*p*

Sing o - ny o' the auld Scotch sangs, The

blithesome or the sad, They mak' me smile when I am wae, And greet when I am

*cresc.* *energico*

glad. My heart gaes back to auld Scot - land, The saut tears dim my e'e, And the

*ff accel.*

Scotch blood leaps in a' my veins, As ye sing the sangs to me,..... And the Scotch blood leaps in

*ad lib.*

a' my veins, As ye sing the sangs to me.....

*ff*

*p slower*

Sing on, sing mair o' thae auld sangs, For il - ka ane can

tell O' joy or sorrow i' the past, Where mem' - ry loves to dwell; Tho'



hair grow gray, and limbs grow auld, Un - til the day I dee Ill...

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) contains the lyrics "hair grow gray, and limbs grow auld, Un - til the day I dee Ill...". The piano accompaniment (grand staff) provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

bless the Scot - tish tongue that sings The auld Scotch songs to me,..... I'll... *p*

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with "bless the Scot - tish tongue that sings The auld Scotch songs to me,..... I'll...". A piano dynamic marking (*p*) is placed above the final note of the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

*ad lib.*  
bless the Scot-tish tongue that sings The auld Scotch songs to me.....

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with the instruction *ad lib.* (ad libitum) above it, followed by the lyrics "bless the Scot-tish tongue that sings The auld Scotch songs to me.....". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line consists of a single note followed by a rest. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.





# SONGS OF ROBERT BURNS.

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Robert Burns, the son of William Burnes and Agnes Brown, was born on the 25th day of January, 1759, in a small house about two miles from the town of Ayr. He died at Dumfries on the 21st of July, 1796. He published the first volume of his poems in 1786; the second edition appeared in 1787, and was followed by a third edition in 1793. In 1800, Dr. James Currie issued a complete edition in four volumes of the works of Burns, including his correspondence and some miscellaneous pieces. Since that date the editions issued of his poems are innumerable. Biographies of Burns have been written by Heron (1797), Currie (1800), Lockhart (1828), Allan Cunningham (1847), Chambers (1859), W. S. Douglas, W. E. Henley and others. From the memorable appreciation of his genius, contained in the essay of his fellow countryman, Thomas Carlyle, and written apropos of the publication of Lockhart's "Life," to the present time, Robert Burns has received the tributes of a greater number of men eminent in diverse fields of thought and effort than any other poet, Shakespeare alone excepted. The anniversary of his birthday is observed throughout the English-speaking world with a degree of fervid enthusiasm which the memory of no other writer ancient or modern, has ever inspired.

# SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED

Maestoso

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time, marked 'Maestoso'. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with dynamic markings of *mf*, *f*, and *ff*. The vocal part enters with the lyrics '1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled! Scots, wham Bruce has aft - en led!..... Wel - come to your go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - rie!'. The piano accompaniment continues throughout, with various chordal textures and melodic fragments. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

*mf*

1. Scots, wha hae wi'

*f* *ff* *mf*

Wal - lace bled! Scots, wham Bruce has aft - en led!.....

Wel - come to your go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - rie!



*f*

Now's the day, an' now's the hour: See, the front of

bat-tle hour: See, ap-proach proud Ed-ward's power; Chains and sla-ver-

*rit.* *a tempo*

ie!

*f* *ff*

2.

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave,  
     Let him turn and flee!  
 Wha for Scotland's king and law,  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
 Freeman stand, or Freeman fa',  
     Let him on wi' me!

3.

By oppression's woes and pains!  
 By your sons in servile chains!  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
     But they shall be free!  
 Lay the proud usurpers low!  
 Tyrants fall in every foe!  
 Liberty's in every blow!  
     Let us Do, or Die!

# A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Allegretto

*mf* 1. Is there, for hon-est

pov - er - ty, That hangs his head, an' a' that? The

cow - ard slave, we pass him by; We dare be puir for a' that! For

*rit.* a'..... that, an' a'..... that, Our toils obscure, an' a' that, The

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the vocal melody starting with a half rest, followed by the lyrics '1. Is there, for hon-est'. The piano accompaniment begins with a half note chord. The second system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'pov - er - ty, That hangs his head, an' a' that? The'. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and moving lines. The third system has the lyrics 'cow - ard slave, we pass him by; We dare be puir for a' that! For'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support. The fourth system concludes with the lyrics 'a'..... that, an' a'..... that, Our toils obscure, an' a' that, The' and is marked with a 'rit.' (ritardando) instruction. The piano part ends with a descending scale-like figure in the bass line.



rank is but the guin - ea stamp, The man's the gowd, for a' that.

*rit. colla voce* *a tempo*

2.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hoddie-grey, an' a' that;  
 Gie fools their silks, an' knaves their wine,  
 A man's a man, for a' that;  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Their tinsel show, an' a' that;  
 The honest man, though e'er sae puir,  
 Is king o' men, for a' that.

3.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
 Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;  
 Though hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a cuif, for a' that;  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 His ribbon, star, an' a' that,  
 The man o' independent mind,  
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

4.

A king can mak' a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that;  
 But an honest man's aboon his might;  
 Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Their dignities, an' a' that,  
 The pith o' sense, the pride o' worth,  
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

5.

Then let us pray, that come it may,  
 As come it will, for a' that,  
 That sense an' worth, o'er a' the earth,  
 May bear the gree, an' a' that!  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 It's comin' yet, for a' that,  
 That man to man, the world o'er  
 Shall brithers be, for a' that!

# GAE BRING TO ME A PINT O' WINE

Moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with dynamic markings of *f*, *p*, and *mf*. The voice part enters with the first line of the song, marked *mf*. The lyrics are: '1. Gae bring' to me a pint o' wine, And fill it in..... a sil - ver'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. The second line of the song is: 'tas - sie; That I may drink be - fore I go, A ser - vice to..... my bon - nie'. The piano part provides harmonic support. The third line of the song is: 'las - sie. The boat rocks at..... the pier o' Leith; Fu' loud the wind blows frae the'. The piano part concludes with a final chord.

1. Gae bring' to me a pint o' wine, And fill it in..... a sil - ver

tas - sie; That I may drink be - fore I go, A ser - vice to..... my bon - nie

las - sie. The boat rocks at..... the pier o' Leith; Fu' loud the wind blows frae the

Fer-ry; The ship rides by.....the Berwick Law, And I maun leave my bonnie Mary. Gae bring to

me a pint o' wine, And fill it in..... a sil-ver tassie, That I may drink be-fore I

go, A ser-vice to..... my bon-nie las-sie.

*col & va*

## 2.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
 The glittering spears are ranked ready;  
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
 The battle closes thick and bloody!  
 It's not the roar o' sea or shore  
 Wad mak' me langer wish to tarry,  
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,  
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.  
 Gae bring to me, &c.



## DUNCAN GRAY

Moderato

*p*

1. Dun - can Gray cam' here to woo, Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't; On

blythe Yale night when we were fu', Ha, ha, the woo - in' o't,

*sf*

Mag-gie coost her head fu' heigh, Look'd asklent and un-co skeigh,

Gart poor Dun-can stand a-beigh, Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd, Ha, ha, the wooin' o't;  
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig, Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.  
Duncan sigh'd baith out an' in, Grat his een baith bleer't an' blin',  
Spak o'loupin' owre a linn, Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

2.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,  
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't;  
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,  
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.  
Duncan sigh'd baith out an' in,  
Grat his een baith bleer't an' blin',  
Spak o'loupin' owre a linn,  
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

3.

Time and chance are but a tide,  
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't;  
Slighted love is sair to bide,  
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.  
"Shall I like a fool," quo' he,  
"For a haughty-hizzy, dee?"  
She may gae to-France for me!"  
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

4.

How it comes, let doctor's tell,  
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't,  
Meg grew sick as he grew well,  
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.  
Something in her bosom wrings,  
For relief, a sigh she brings;  
An' O! her een they spak sic things!  
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

5.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,  
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't;  
Maggie's was a piteous case,  
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.  
Duncan couldna be her death,  
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath,  
Now they're crouse and canty baith,  
Ha, ha, the wooin' o't.

## AFTON WATER

Andante grazioso

Piano introduction in G major, 6/8 time. The right hand features a flowing melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present in the first measure of the left hand.

1. Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green... braes,..... Flow

The first system of the song. The vocal melody is in G major, 6/8 time, with a gentle, flowing character. The piano accompaniment continues the harmonic support from the introduction.

gent - ly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My.. Ma - ry's a-sleep by thy

The second system of the song. The vocal melody continues with a slight rise in pitch, and the piano accompaniment remains consistent.

mur-mur - ing stream, Flow gent - ly, sweet Af-ton, dis - turb not her dream.

The third system of the song. The vocal melody concludes with a final note. The piano accompaniment features a *p* dynamic marking in the first measure and an *mf* (mezzo-forte) marking in the final measure.



Thou stockdove, whose ech-o re-

sounds... thro the glen, Ye wild whistling blackbirds, in yon thorny den, Thou

green-crested lap-wing, thy screaming for-bear, I charge you, disturb not my

slum-ber-ing..... fair.

## 2.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides,  
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
 As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

## O' A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW

Andante

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in D major, 2/4 time, marked 'Andante'. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The vocal melody enters in the second system with a single note, '1. O'.

The lyrics are as follows:

a' the airts the wind can blaw, I dear - ly lo'e the west; For there the bonnie lassie lives, The

las-sie I lo'e best; Tho' wild-woods grow, an' rivers row, Wi' mony a hill... be-tween, Baith

day and night my fancy's flight Is ev-er wi' my Jean. 2. I see her in the dewy flow'rs, Sae

love-ly, sweet and fair; I hear her voice in il-ka bird, Wi' music charm the air; There's

no' a bonnie flow'r that springs By fountain, shaw or green, Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings, But

minds me o' my Jean.

3.

O blaw, ye westlin' winds, blaw soft,  
 Among the leafy trees;  
 Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,  
 Bring hame the laden bees;  
 An' bring the lassie back to me  
 That's aye sae neat an' clean;  
 Ae blink o' her wad banish care  
 Sae lovely is my Jean.

4.

What sighs an' vows among the knowes  
 Hae past atween us twa;  
 How fain to meet, how wae to part,  
 That day she gaed awa'.  
 The powers aboon can only ken,  
 To whom the heart is seen,  
 That nane can be sae dear to me  
 As my sweet, lovely Jean.



## MY AIN KIND DEARIE.

Andantino

*p* When

o'er the hill the east - ern star Tells bught - in - time... is.... near, my jo, And

ow - sen frae the fur - row'd field Re - turn sae dowf and wea - ry, O! Down

by... yon burn where scent - ed... birks Wi' dew.. are... hang - ing... clear, my jo, I'll...

*p*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Andantino'. The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano). The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words hyphenated across lines. The overall style is that of a traditional Scottish folk song.

meet thee on the lea - rig My ain kind dear - ie, O!

*p rit.*

*p colla voce*

*p*

*con f*

## 2.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,  
 I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,  
 If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,  
 My ain kind dearie, O!  
 Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,  
 And I were ne'er sae weary, O,  
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O!

## 3.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,  
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo,  
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,  
 Adown the burn to steer, my jo!  
 Gie me the hour o' gloamin' gray,  
 It maks my heart sae cheery, O,  
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O!

## MARY MORISON

Moderato espress.

Piano introduction in D major, 2/4 time. The music features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *pp* (pianissimo).

First vocal entry. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo).

1. O.... Ma - ry, at.... thy... win - dow be, It

Second vocal entry. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. Dynamics include *cresc.* (crescendo) and *p* (piano).

is the wish'd, the... tryst - ed hour! Those smiles and glanc - es...

Third vocal entry. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. Dynamics include *cresc.* (crescendo).

let me see, That mak' the mi - ser's trea - sure, poor.



How blythe-ly wad I bide the stoure, A wea - ry slave, frae sun to sun, Could

I the rich... re - ward se-cure, The love - ly Ma - ry Mor - i-son.

## 2.

Yestreen, when to the stented string  
 The dance gaed thro' the lichted ha',  
 To thee my fancy took its wing—  
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw.  
 Tho' this was fair and that was braw,  
 And yon the toast o' a' the toun,  
 I sighed and said amang them a',  
 "Ye are na Mary Morison!"

## 3.

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,  
 Wha, for thy sake, would gladly dee?  
 Or canst thou break that heart o' his,  
 Whase only faut is loving thee?  
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
 At least be pity to me shown;  
 A thought ungentle can na be  
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

## TAM GLEN

Moderato

1. My

heart is a - break-in', dear tit-tie! Some coun-sel un - to me come len'; To...

an - ger them a' is a pit-y, But what will I do wi' Tam Glen? I'm

think-in', wi' sic a braw fel-low, In puirtith I might mak' a fen', What

*p* *mf* *f* *rit.* *p* *p* *cresc.*

care I in riches to wallow, If I mau-na marry Tam Glen?

### Concluding Symphony

#### 2.

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drummeller,  
 "Good day to ye," cuif, he comes ben;  
 He brags and he blows o' his siller,  
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?  
 My minnie does constantly deave me,  
 And bids me beware o' young men;  
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me —  
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

#### 3.

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,  
 He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten;  
 But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak' him,  
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?  
 Yestreen, at the valentines' dealin',  
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten';  
 For thrice I drew ane without failin',  
 And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

#### 4.

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin'  
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken,  
 His likeness cam' up the house staulkin',  
 The very gray breeks o' Tam Glen.  
 Come, counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry —  
 I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,  
 Gin ye will advise me to marry  
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.



# YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON

Andante con espressione

*p*

1. Ye banks and braes..... o'

*piano throughout*

*Andante* \* *Andante* \* *Andante* \*

bon - nie Doon,..... How can..... ye bloom.... sae fresh..... and

fair? How can ye chant,..... ye lit - tle birds,..... And

I..... sae wea - ry, fu'..... o' care, Ye'll break my

*left hand*

heart.... ye warb - ling birds.... That wan - ton through the

flow' - ry... thorn; Ye mind me o'..... de - part - ed

joys,..... De - part - ed, nev - er to..... re - turn.

*Softly* *decresc.*

## 2.

Oft hae I rovd by bonnie Doon  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;  
 And ilka bird sang o' its love.  
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,  
 But my fause lover stole my rose  
 And ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, JOHN.

Moderato

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in B-flat major, 4/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. The piano part features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the second system, with the lyrics '1. John' written above the staff. The lyrics continue across the third and fourth systems: 'An - der - son, my jo, John, When we were first ac - quent, Your locks were like the ra - ven, Your bon - nie brow was brent. But'. The piano accompaniment continues throughout, providing harmonic support for the vocal line.

*p*

1. John

An - der - son, my jo, John, When we were first ac - quent, Your

locks were like the ra - ven, Your bon - nie brow was brent. But



now your brow is beld, John, Your locks are like the snow, Yet...

bless - ings on your fros - ty pow John An - der - son, my...

jo.

## 2.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill thegither,  
 And mony a canty day, John,  
 We've had wi'ane anither,  
 Now we maun totter down, John,  
 But hand in hand we'll go,  
 And sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

# MY NANNIE'S AWA.

*Andante*

*p* *rit.*  
*con Ped.*

1. Now... in her green man-tle blythe Na-ture ar-rays, And

list-ens the lamb-kins that bleat owre the braes, While

birds war-ble wel-come in il-ka green shaw; But to

me it's de - light - less, - my Nan - nie's a - wa! But to

me.... it's... de - light - less - my Nan - nie's a - wa!.....

*colla voce* *ritard.*

## 2.

The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,  
 And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn;  
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw!  
 They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa!

## 3.

Thou laverock, that springs frae the dewes of the lawn,  
 The shepherd to warn of the gray-breaking dawn,  
 And thou, mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa;  
 Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa!

## 4.

Come Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,  
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay:  
 The dark, dreary Winter, and wild-driving snaw,  
 Alane can delight me—my Nannie's awa.



# THE DEIL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN

Allegro

*mf*

1. The deil cam' fid - dlin'

through the toun, And danced a - wa' wi' th' Ex - cise - - man; And

il - ka wife..... cried, Auld... Ma - houn', I.... wish you luck o' the

prize, man! The deil's... a - wa', the deil's... a - wa', The

deil's a - wa' wi' th'Ex - cise - man; He's danced a - wa', he's

danced a - wa', He's danced a - wa' wi' th'Ex - cise - man.

2.

We'll mak' our maut, we'll brew our drink,  
 We'll laugh, sing and rejoice, man;  
 And mony brow thanks to the muckle black deil,  
 That danced awa' wi' the Exciseman.  
 The deil's awa', the deil's awa',  
 The deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman;  
 He's danced awa', he's danced awa',  
 He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman.

3.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,  
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;  
 But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the land,  
 Was the deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman.  
 The deil's awa', the deil's awa',  
 The deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman;  
 He's danced awa', he's danced awa',  
 He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman.

## THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN KYLE

Moderato

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in B-flat major, 4/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The vocal line enters in the second system with the lyrics '1. There was a lad was.... born in Kyle, But.... what - na day o'....'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. The third system contains the lyrics 'what - na style, I doubt it's... hard - ly.... worth the.... while To....'. The piano part provides harmonic support with sustained chords and moving bass notes.

1. There was a lad was.... born in Kyle, But.... what - na day o'....

what - na style, I doubt it's... hard - ly.... worth the.... while To....



be sae nice... wi'... Rob - in. For... Rob - in was... a...

rov - in'... boy, A... ran - tin', rov - in',... ran - tin', rov - in';

Rob - in... was a... rov - in' boy; Oh,.. ran - tin', rov - in',... Rob - in.

2.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane  
Was five-and-twenty days begun,  
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'  
Blew hanel in on Robin.

For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

3.

The gossip keekit in his loof,  
Quo' she, "Wha lives will see the proof,  
This waly boy will be nae coof,  
I think we'll ca' him Robin."

For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

4.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',  
But aye a heart aboon them a';  
He'll be a credit till us a'.

We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

5.

But sure as three times three mak' nine,  
I see by ilka score and line,  
This chap will dearly like our kin',  
So leeze me on thee, Robin.

For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

## MY NANNIE, O.

Andante

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a common time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a more melodic treble line with some chords. The vocal melody is written on a single staff in treble clef, with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: '1. Be - hind yon hills where Lu - gar.... flows, Mang moors an' moss-es... ma - ny,... O, The win - try sun... the... day has clos'd, And I'll a - wa'..... to Nan-nie,... O. The'. The piano part includes dynamic markings 'p' (piano) at the beginning and end of the first system, and at the beginning of the third system. The score is divided into four systems, each with piano and vocal staves.

*p*

1. Be - hind yon hills where Lu - gar.... flows, Mang moors an' moss-es... ma - ny,... O, The

*p*

win - try sun... the... day has clos'd, And I'll a - wa'..... to Nan-nie,... O. The

west - lin' wind blows loud an'.... shrill, The night's baith mirk and rain - y,.... O, But I'll

get my plaid.. and.. out I'll steal, And o'er the hills.... to Nan - nie,.... O.

## 2

My Nannie's charming, sweet and young;  
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;  
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue  
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O.  
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O:  
 The opening gowan, wat wi' dew,  
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

## 3

A country lad is my degree,  
 And few there be that ken me, O,  
 But what care I how few they be?  
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.  
 My riches a's my penny fee,  
 And I maun guide it cannie, O,  
 But world's gear ne'er troubles me,  
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

## 4

Our auld gudeman delights to view  
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;  
 But I'm as blythe that hands his plough,  
 And has nae care but Nannie, O.  
 Come weel, come wae, I care na by,  
 I'll tak' what heav'n will send me, O,  
 Nae ither care in life hae I,  
 But live and love my Nannie, O.



# WILLIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT

With Spirit.

1. O..... Wil - lie brew'd a.... peck o' maut, And Rob and Al - lan...

cam' to pree; Three blith - er hearts that lee - lang night Ye wad - na find in...

Christ-en - die. We... are na fou, we're no... that fou, But just a wee... drup

in our..... ee; The... cock may craw, the day... may... daw, But

aye we'll taste the... bar - ley bree.

## 2.

Here are we met three merry boys,  
 Three merry boys I trow are we;  
 And mony a night we've merry been  
 And mony mae we hope to be.  
 We are na fou, &c.

## 3.

It is the moon—I ken her horn,  
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;  
 She shines sae bricht to wyle us hame,  
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!  
 We are na fou, &c.

## 4.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',  
 A cuckold, coward loon is he!  
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',  
 He is the king amang us three!  
 We are na fou, &c.

## O, MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

*Andante*

*p*

1. O, my love is like a red, red rose, That's

new - ly sprung in June; O, my love is like a mel - o - die, That's

*colla voce*

sweet - ly play'd in tune. As fair art thou, my bon-nie lass, Sae

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in E-flat major, 6/8 time, marked 'Andante' and 'p'. The piano part features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the second system with the lyrics '1. O, my love is like a red, red rose, That's'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern. The third system contains the lyrics 'new - ly sprung in June; O, my love is like a mel - o - die, That's'. The piano part includes a 'colla voce' marking, indicating it should follow the vocal line. The final system concludes with the lyrics 'sweet - ly play'd in tune. As fair art thou, my bon-nie lass, Sae'. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation throughout, with various chordal textures and melodic fragments.



deep in love am I; And..... I will love thee still, my dear, Till

a' the seas gang dry. Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, Till

a' the seas gang dry, And..... I will love thee still, my dear, Till

a' the seas gang dry.

## 2.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
 O, I will love thee still, my dear,  
 While the sands o' life shall run.  
 And fare thee weel, my only love,  
 And fare thee weel, awhile!  
 And I will come again, my love,  
 Though it were ten thousand mile!  
 Though it were ten thousand mile, my love!  
 Though it were ten thousand mile!  
 And I will come again, my love,  
 Though it were ten thousand mile!

# BONNIE WEE THING

*Andante*

*p* *cresc.* *pp*

1. Bon - nie..... wee..... thing, can - nie.... wee thing, Love - ly..... wee..... thing,

wert thou... mine; I.... would.. wear.... thee in.... my ... bo - som,

Lest.... my..... jew - el I should... tine. Wist - ful - ly..... I....

*Fine.* *Fine.* *p*

look... and... lan - guish, In that bon - nie..... face of..... thine;....

And my heart it stounds with an - guish, Lest... my..... wee..... thing

*§ Finish with the first strain.*

be na..... mine.

*Ritornel.*

*p*

*To be sung with second strain*

2

Wit and grace and love and beauty

In ae constellation shine

To adore thee is my duty

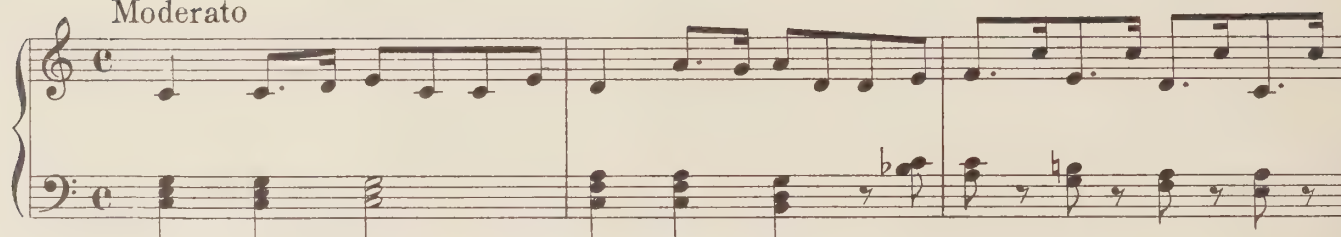
Goddess of this soul o' mine

Bonnie wee thing, &c.



## GREEN GROW THE RASHES

Moderato



1. There's nought but care on ev' - ry han', In

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by a half note, then continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves with chords and single notes.

ev' - ry hour that pass-es, O! What sig - ni - fies the life o' man, An'

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves with chords and single notes.

'twere - na for the las - ses, O! Green grow the rash - es, O!

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves with chords and single notes.

Green grow the rash-es, O! The sweet-est hours that ere I spent, Were

spent a-mang the las-ses, O!

2.

The worldly race may riches chase,  
 An' riches still may fly them, O;  
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.  
 Green grow the rashes, O! &c.

3.

Gie me a canny hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie, O;  
 An' worldly cares an' worldly men,  
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.  
 Green grow the rashes, O! &c.

4.

An' you sae douce, wha sneer at this,  
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;  
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,  
 He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.  
 Green grow the rashes, O! &c.

5.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
 Her noblest work she classes, O;  
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
 An' then she made the lasses, O.  
 Green grow the rashes, O! &c.

# AE FOND KISS

Slow and expressive

1. Ae fond kiss, and then... we

sev - er! Ae fare - weel, a - las,... for - ev - er!

Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, War - ring sighs and groans I'll

wage ..... thee. Who shall say that for - tune grieves him

*mf* *Red.* \*

*fz* *dim.* *p* *p* *mf* *Red.* \*



*cresc.*

While the star of hope she leaves him? Me, nae cheer - fu' twin - kle

*f* *p*

lights me, Dark des-pair a - round be - nights.... me.

*pp*

Ae..... fond..... kiss!

## 2.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,  
 Naething could resist my Nancy;  
 But to see her, was to love her;  
 Love but her, and love forever.  
 Had we never lov'd sae kindly,  
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,  
 Never met or never parted,  
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.  
 Ae fond kiss!

## 3.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!  
 Fare thee weel thou best and dearest!  
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
 Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure;  
 Ae fond kiss and then we sever;  
 Ae fareweel, alas, forever!  
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.  
 Ae fond kiss!

# LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER

Allegretto



1. Last May, a braw woo - er cam' down the lang glen, And sair wi' his love he did

First line of the song. The vocal melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The piano part consists of chords and single notes, with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking in the first measure.

deave me; I said, "There was naething I ha-ted like men!" The deuce gae wi' him to be-

Second line of the song. The vocal melody continues in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment continues in the left hand. The piano part consists of chords and single notes.

lieve me, be-lieve me, The deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me.

Third line of the song. The vocal melody continues in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment continues in the left hand. The piano part includes a crescendo (*cresc.*) marking and a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The section concludes with a double bar line and a *D.S.* (Da Capo) marking.

## 2.

He spak' o' the darts o' my bonnie black e'en,  
 And vow'd for my love he was deein'.  
 I said he micht dee when he liked for Jean;  
 The guid forgi'e me for leein', for leein',  
 The guid forgi'e me for leein'!

## 3.

A weel-stockit mailin', himsel' o't the laird,  
 And marriage aff-hand, was his proffer.  
 I never loot on that I kenn'd it or cared;  
 But thocht I micht ha'e a waur offer, waur offer,  
 But thocht I micht ha'e a waur offer.

## 4.

But what do ye think, in a fortnicht or less—  
 The diel's in his taste to gang near her!—  
 He up the Gateslack to my black cousin Bess—  
 Guess ye how, the jaud! I could bear her, could bear her,  
 Guess ye how, the jaud! I could bear her!

## 5.

But a' the next week, as I fretted wi' care,  
 I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock;  
 And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there?  
 Wha glower'd as if he'd seen a warlock, a warlock,  
 Wha glower'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

## 6.

Out ower my left shouther I gi'd him a blink,  
 Lest neebors micht say I was saucy;  
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
 And vow'd that I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,  
 And vow'd that I was his dear lassie.

## 7.

I speir'd for my cousin, fu' couthie and sweet,  
 Gin she had recovered her hearin'?  
 And how my auld shoon fitted her shauchled feet?  
 Gude sauf us! how he fell a-swearin', a-swearin',  
 Gude sauf us! how he fell a-swearin'.

## 8.

He begged for gudesake! I wad be his wife,  
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;  
 Sae, e'en to preserve the puir body in life,  
 I think I maun wed him to morrow, to morrow,  
 I think I maun wed him to morrow.



# HERE AWA', THERE AWA'.

Andante

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes: B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The bass line starts with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a series of eighth notes: B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the dynamics are marked 'p' (piano).

The first vocal entry is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody starts with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes: B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The piano accompaniment is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes: B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The bass line starts with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a series of eighth notes: B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the dynamics are marked 'rit.' (ritardando).

1. Here a - wa',... there a - wa', wan - der - ing Wil - lie!

The second vocal entry is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody starts with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes: B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The piano accompaniment is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes: B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The bass line starts with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a series of eighth notes: B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the dynamics are marked 'rit.' (ritardando).

Here a - wa',... there a - wa', haud a - wa' hame! Come to my

bo - som my ain on - ly dear - ie; Tell me thou bring'st me my

Wil - lie the same.

*D.S. §*

*D.S. § Concluding symphony*

## 2.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our partin';  
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e:  
 Welcome now, summer, and welcome, my Willie,  
 The summer to nature, my Willie to me.

## 3.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers!  
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!  
 Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!  
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

## 4.

But, oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,  
 Flow still between us, thou wide roarin' main!  
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,  
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

## CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES

Andante con espressione

*p*

1. Ca' the ewes to the knowes, Ca' them whaur' the heather grows,

*p*

Ca' them whaur' the burn - ie rows, My bon - nie dear - ie.

Hark, the ma - vis ev' - ning sang, Sound - in' Clu - den's woods a - mang;



Then a - fauld - in' let us gang, My bon - nie dear - ie! Ca' the ewes

to the knowes, Ca' them whaur' the heather grows, Ca' them whaur' the burnie rows,

My bon - nie dear - ie! *D.S.*

2

We'll gang down by Cluden side,  
Through the hazels spreading wide,  
O'er the waves that sweetly glide  
To the moon sae clearly.  
Ca' the ewes, &c.

3

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,  
Where, at moonshine midnight hours,  
O'er the dewy-bending flowers  
Fairies dance sae cheerie.  
Ca' the ewes, &c.

4

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,  
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,  
Nocht o' ill may come thee near,  
My bonnie dearie.  
Ca' the ewes, &c.

5

Fair and lovely as thou art,  
Thou hast stoun my very heart:  
I can die—but canna part,  
My bonnie dearie.  
Ca' the ewes, &c.

## BRAW, BRAW LADS.

Molto lento

*f con espressione e poco ritenuto*  
*con Ped.*

The piano introduction consists of three measures. The right hand has a whole rest in each measure. The left hand plays a series of chords and moving lines: a C4-F4 chord, a G4-A4-B4 triplet, a C5-G4 chord, a B4-A4-G4 triplet, a C5-F4 chord, and a B4-A4-G4 triplet. The piece is in B-flat major, 2/4 time, and marked 'Molto lento'.

1. Braw, braw.... lads on Yar - row braes, Ye.... wan - der through the...

The first vocal line spans four measures. The melody is in the right hand, starting on G4 and moving stepwise up to C5. The piano accompaniment in the left hand features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords that support the vocal melody. The lyrics are: '1. Braw, braw.... lads on Yar - row braes, Ye.... wan - der through the...'

bloom - ing..... hea - ther: But Yar - row... braes, nor Et - trick shaws, Can

The second vocal line also spans four measures. The melody continues from the previous line, with some leaps and a final descent. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first line, providing harmonic support. The lyrics are: 'bloom - ing..... hea - ther: But Yar - row... braes, nor Et - trick shaws, Can'

match the lads o' Gala Water. Braw, braw lads.

*rit.* *molto rit.* D.C.

## 2.

But there is ane, a secret ane,  
 Aboon them a', I lo'e him better:  
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,  
 The bonnie lad o' Gala Water.  
 Braw, braw lads.

## 3.

Although his daddie was nae laird,  
 An' though I hae nae meikle tocher;  
 Yet, rich in kindest, truest love,  
 We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water.  
 Braw, braw lads.

## 4.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,  
 That coft contentment, peace or pleasure;  
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,  
 O that's the chiefest world's treasure!  
 Braw, braw lads.



## CORN RIGS

Allegretto

*p*

1. It was up-on a... Lam - mas... night, When corn... rigs... are... bon - nie,... O, Be -

neath the moon's un - cloud - ed... light, I held... a-wa' to... An-nie,... O: The

time flew by... wi'... tent - less... heed, Till 'tween the... late and ear - ly,... O, Wi'

sma' per - sua - sion she... a - greed... To see... me... thro' the... bar - ley,... O.

Corn... rigs,... and... bar - ley... rigs, Corn... rigs... are... bon - nie,... O: I'll

*a piacere*  
neer for - get... that hap - py... night,... A - mang... the... rigs wi' An - nie,... O.  
*f colla voce*

*D.S.*

2.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,  
The moon was shining clearly, O:  
I set her down wi' right good will,  
Amang the rigs o' barley, O:  
I kent' her heart was a' my ain;  
I loved her most sincerely, O;  
I kiss'd her ower and ower again,  
Amang the rigs o' barley, O.  
Corn rigs, &c.

3.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace!  
Her heart was beating rarely, O:  
My blessings on that happy place,  
Amang the rigs o' barley, O!  
But by the moon and stars so bright,  
That shone that hour so clearly, O!  
She aye shall bless that happy night,  
Amang the rigs o' barley, O!  
Corn rigs, &c.

4.

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear,  
I hae been merry drinkin', O;  
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;  
I hae been happy thinkin', O:  
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,  
Tho' three times doubled fairly, O,  
That happy night was worth them a',  
Amang the rigs o' barley, O.  
Corn rigs, &c.

## O WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

Allegretto spiritoso

8

*p*

1. O.... whis-tle an' I'll..... come to you, my lad, O....

whis-tle an' I'll..... come to you, my lad; Tho' fa-ther, an' mi-ther, an'

a' should gae mad, O..... whis-tle an' I'll..... come to you, my lad.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The tempo is 'Allegretto spiritoso'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The piano introduction consists of two staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat, with a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking. The second staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The vocal line begins with the lyrics '1. O.... whis-tle an' I'll..... come to you, my lad, O....'. The piano accompaniment for the vocal line features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex, syncopated pattern in the left hand. The piano introduction is followed by a vocal line with the lyrics 'whis-tle an' I'll..... come to you, my lad; Tho' fa-ther, an' mi-ther, an' a' should gae mad, O..... whis-tle an' I'll..... come to you, my lad.' The piano accompaniment continues with a similar pattern, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex, syncopated pattern in the left hand. The score ends with a double bar line.



But wa-ri-ly tent when ye come to court me, And come na un-less the back-

yett be a-jee; Syne up the back-style, and let nae-bod-y see, And

come as ye were.... na com-in' to me, And... come as ye were... na

com-in' to me.

2.

O whistle, an' I'll come to you my lad,  
 O whistle, an' I'll come to you my lad;  
 Tho' father, an' mither, an' a' should gae mad,  
 O whistle, an' I'll come to you my lad.  
 At kirk or at market, where'er ye meet me,  
 Gang by me as tho' that ye cared na a flie;  
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,  
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,  
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

3.

O whistle, an' I'll come to you my lad,  
 O whistle, an' I'll come to you my lad;  
 Tho' father, an' mither, an' a' should gae mad,  
 O whistle, an' I'll come to you my lad.  
 Ay vow an' protest that ye care na for me,  
 And whiles ye may lightlie my beauty a' wee;  
 But court nae anither, tho' jokin' ye be,  
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me,  
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.

# RATTLIN' ROARIN' WILLIE

*Allegretto*

1. O rat - tlin' roar - in' Wil - lie, O,

he held to..... the fair, An' for to sell..... his fid - dle, An'

buy..... some ith - er ware; But part - in' wi'..... his fid - dle, The

saut tear blint his e'e; And rat - tlin' roar - in' Wil - lie, Ye're

wel - come hame to me!

## 2.

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,  
 O sell your fiddle sae fine;  
 O Willie, come sell your fiddle,  
 And buy a pint o' wine!  
 If I should sell my fiddle,  
 The warl' would think I was mad;  
 For mony a rantin' day  
 My fiddle an' I ha'e had.

## 3.

As I cam' by Crochallan,  
 I cannily keekit ben—  
 Rattlin' roarin' Willie  
 Was sitting at yon board en';  
 Sitting at yon board en',  
 And amang guid companie;  
 Rattlin' roarin' Willie,  
 Ye're welcome hame to me!



## AULD LANG SYNE

Moderato

*p* *affettuoso*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, B-flat major, and consists of 10 measures. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

1. Should auld acquaint-ance be for-got, And nev - er brought to min' ? Should

The first vocal line is in 2/4 time, B-flat major, and consists of 8 measures. The piano accompaniment is in 2/4 time, B-flat major, and consists of 8 measures. The vocal line is marked with a forte (>) dynamic.

auld acquaint - ance be for-got, And days o' lang.... syne ? For

The second vocal line is in 2/4 time, B-flat major, and consists of 8 measures. The piano accompaniment is in 2/4 time, B-flat major, and consists of 8 measures.

auld..... lang..... syne, my dear, For auld.... lang..... syne; We'll

The third vocal line is in 2/4 time, B-flat major, and consists of 8 measures. The piano accompaniment is in 2/4 time, B-flat major, and consists of 8 measures.

tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld..... lang..... syne.

## 2.

We twa hae run about the braes  
 And pu'd the gowans fine;  
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,  
 Sin' auld lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne, &c.

## 3.

We twa hae paidl't in the burn,  
 Frae mornin' sun till dine;  
 But seas between us braid hae roard  
 Sin' auld lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne &c.

## 4.

And surely you'll be your pint stoup  
 And surely I'll be mine,  
 And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne, &c.

## 5.

And here's a hand my trusty frien',  
 And gie's a hand o' thine;  
 And we'll tak' a right gude-willie waught,  
 For auld lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne, &c.





# SONGS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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Sir Walter Scott, poet, novelist, historian, biographer and essayist, was born in 1771 and died in 1832. His first ventures in literature were a translation of Bürger's Ballads, published in 1796, and a version of one of Goethe's plays, published in 1799. With the appearance of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," in 1805, Scott definitely took his place among the great poets of his time, and with the appearance of Waverley, in 1814, he began the series of novels which have made him immortal. But though the novels have overshadowed his fame as a poet, Scott attained eminent success in one of the rarest and most difficult aims of poetry—sustained vigor, clearness and interest in narration. He is the least conscious of all modern poets and the one who exhibits the closest affinity with the great masters of the art who wrote before the ages of criticism.

## JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

Andante espressivo

1. "Why

*p*

weep ye by the tide, la - dye? Why weep ye by the

*p*

tide?..... I'll wed ye to my young - est son, And ye shall be his

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo/mood is marked 'Andante espressivo'. The score consists of three systems. The first system shows the vocal line starting with a rest, followed by the piano accompaniment. The second system contains the first line of lyrics: 'weep ye by the tide, la - dye? Why weep ye by the'. The third system contains the second line of lyrics: 'tide?..... I'll wed ye to my young - est son, And ye shall be his'. The piano part features arpeggiated chords and flowing sixteenth-note passages, with dynamics marked 'p' (piano).

bride: And ye shall be his bride, la - dye, Sae come - ly to.... be

seen:" But aye she loot the tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha - zel-

dean.

2.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,  
 And dry that cheek so pale;  
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,  
 And lord of Langley-dale.  
 His step is first in peacefu' ha',  
 His sword in battle, keen"—  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa',  
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

3.

"A chain o' gold ye shall not lack,  
 Nor braid to bind your hair,  
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,  
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair;  
 And you, the foremost o' them a',  
 Shall ride, our forest queen"—  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa',  
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

4.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,  
 The tapers glimmer'd fair;  
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
 And dame and knight were there.  
 They sought her baith by bower and ha',  
 The ladye was not seen!—  
 She's o'er the Border, and awa'  
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.



## BONNIE DUNDEE

Con spirito



*mf*  
1. To the Lords of Con-ven-tion 'twas Clav-er-house spoke: "Ere the



King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke, Then each ca-va-lier who loves



hon-our and me, Let him fol-low the bon-nets of



Bon-nie Dun-dee!" Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come

sad-dle my hor-ses, and call out my men, Un-hook the west port, and

let us gae free, For it's up wi' the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dun-dee.

## 2.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,  
 The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat,  
 But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let it be,  
 For the toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee!"

Come fill up my cup, &c.

## 3.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,  
 If there's Lords in the south, there are Chiefs in the north;  
 There are brave Duinnewassals three thousand times three,  
 Will cry, "Hey for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee!"

Come fill up my cup, &c.

## 4.

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,  
 Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch with the fox:  
 And tremble, false whigs, in the midst o' your glee,  
 Ye ha'e no seen the last o' my bonnets and me.

Come fill up my cup, &c.

# BLUE BONNETS ARE OVER THE BORDER

Allegretto

8va

*f*

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system features a treble clef staff with a melody in G major, marked *f* and *8va*, and a bass clef staff with a rhythmic accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a repeat sign.

March! March! Ett- rick and Te - vi - ot - dale, Why my lads, din-na ye march

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, marked *f*, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, marked *f*. The lyrics are: "March! March! Ett- rick and Te - vi - ot - dale, Why my lads, din-na ye march".

for- ward in or - der? March! March! Esk - dale and Lid - des - dale,

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, marked *ff*, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, marked *ff*. The lyrics are: "for- ward in or - der? March! March! Esk - dale and Lid - des - dale,".



All the blue bon-nets are o-ver the Bor-der.

1. Ma-ny a ban-ner spread, flut-ters a-bove your head, Ma-ny a crest that is

fa-mous in sto-ry: Mount and make rea-dy then,

Sons of the moun-tain glen, Fight for your Queen and the old Scot-tish glo-ry!

2.

March! March! &amp;c.

Come from the hills, where your hirsels are grazing,

Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;

Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,

Come with the buckler, the lance and the bow.

March! March! &amp;c.

3.

March! March! &amp;c.

Trumpets are sounding, war-steeds are bounding,

Stand to your arms and march in good order;

England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,

When the blue bonnets came over the Border.

March! March! &amp;c.

## MACGREGOR'S GATHERING

Allegro

The musical score for 'Macgregor's Gathering' is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegro'. The piano accompaniment starts with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic. The melody is played in the treble clef, while the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The score is divided into five systems. The first system shows the piano accompaniment with a *pp* dynamic. The second system introduces the melody in the treble clef, with a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking in the piano accompaniment. The third system continues the melody and piano accompaniment. The fourth system shows the piano accompaniment with a *pp* dynamic. The fifth system introduces the voice melody in the treble clef, with a *1.* marking indicating the first ending. The piano accompaniment continues with a *pp* dynamic. The score concludes with a double bar line.

*pp*

*cresc.*

*ff*

*tutti*

*pp*

1. The moon's on the lake and the mists on the brae, And the clan has a name that is

nameless by day; Our... sig - nal for fight, which from Monarchs we drew, Must be

heard but by night in our venge-ful ha - loo! Then ha - loo, ha - loo,

ha - loo!... Gre - ga-lach! If they rob us of name and pur-

*con valore*  
sue us with bea-gles, Give their roofs to the flame, and the flesh to the ea-gles! Then



gath-er, gather, gather, gather, gather, gather!..... While there's

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a melody in G major. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

leaves in the for-est, and foam on the riv-er, Mac-greg-or, de-spite them, shall

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

flourish for - ev - er.

*ff*

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line has a flourish. The piano accompaniment features a strong, rhythmic pattern in the right hand and chords in the left hand, marked with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic.

*Fine*

*ff* *Fine*

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line ends with a flourish. The piano accompaniment features a strong, rhythmic pattern in the right hand and chords in the left hand, marked with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. The system concludes with a double bar line and the word "Fine".

Glen - or - chy's proud moun - tain, Col - churn and her tow - ers, Glen -

strae and Glen - ly - on, No long - er are ours; We're Landless, land - less,

land - less, Gre - ga - lach! Land - less, land - less, land - - less! D.S.

## 2.

Thro'the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career;  
 O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer;  
 And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,  
 Ere our wrongs be forgot or our vengeance unfelt.  
 Then haloo, haloo, haloo, Gregalach!  
 If they rob us of name and pursue us with beagles,  
 Give their roofs to the flame and the flesh to the eagles!  
 Then gather, gather, gather, gather, gather, gather!  
 While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,  
 Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish forever!

## HAIL, TO THE CHIEF!

Con moto moderato.

1. Hail, to the chief who in triumph ad - van - ces! Hon - our'd and blest be the

ev - er-green pine; Long may the tree in his ban - ner that glan - ces

Flour - ish the shel - ter, and grace of our line. Heav'n send it hap - py dew,

Earth send it sap a - new, Gai - ly to bourgeon and broad - ly to grow;



While ev'-ry High-land glen Sends our shout back a-gain, Rode-rich Vich Al-pine dhu

*cresc.* *f*

ho! ie - roe! Rode - rich! Rode - rich! Rode - rich! Rode - rich!

*mp* *p*

Rode - rich Vich Al - pine dhu ho! ie - roe!

*f*

## 2.

Ours is no sapling chance sown by the fountain,  
 Blooming in Beltane, in winter to fade  
 When the whirl-wind has stript ev'ry leaf on the mountain,  
 The more shall Clan Alpine exult in her shade.  
 Moored in the rifted rock,  
 Proof to the tempest shock,  
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blows;  
 Monteith and Breadalbin' then,  
 Echo his praise again,  
 Roderich Vich Alpine dhu ho! ie-ro!

## 3.

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands,  
 Stretch to your oars for the evergreen pine!  
 Oh! that the rosebud that graces yon island  
 Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine.  
 Oh! that some seedling gem,  
 Worthy such noble stem,  
 Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow;  
 Loud should Clan Alpine then,  
 Ring from her deepest glen,  
 Roderich Vich Alpine dhu ho! ie-ro!

## PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU

Allegretto e molto energico

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, key of D major. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line uses chords and single notes. A fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking is present in the first measure of the bass line.

The first vocal entry is in 6/8 time, key of D major. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: "1. Pi - broch of Don - uil Dhu, Pi - broch of Don - uil, Wake thy wild voice a - new,". The piano part features chords and single notes, with a crescendo hairpin in the middle.

The second vocal entry is in 6/8 time, key of D major. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Summon Clan Con - uil. Come a-way, come a-way, Hark to the sum - mons!". The piano part features chords and single notes, with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking in the middle.

The third vocal entry is in 6/8 time, key of D major. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Come in your war array, Gen - tles and Com - mons. Come a-way, come a-way,". The piano part features chords and single notes, with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking in the middle.

Hark to the sum - mons! Come in your war ar - ray, Gen - tles and Com - mons.

2.

Come from deep glen, and  
 From mountain so rocky,  
 The war-pipe and pennon  
 Are at Inverlochy.  
 Come every hill-plaid, and  
 True heart that wears one;  
 Come every steel-blade, and  
 Strong hand that bears one.  
 Come every hill-plaid, &c.

3.

Leave untended the herd,  
 The flock without shelter;  
 Leave the corpse uninterr'd,  
 The bride at the altar.  
 Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
 Leave nets and barges;  
 Come with your fighting gear  
 Broadswords and targes.  
 Leave the deer, leave the steer, &c.

4.

Come as the winds come, when  
 Forests are rended:  
 Come as the waves come, when  
 Navies are stranded.  
 Faster come, faster come,  
 Faster and faster:  
 Chief, vassal, page and groom,  
 Tenant and master.  
 Faster come, faster come, &c.

5.

Fast they come, fast they come;  
 See how they gather!  
 Wide waves the eagle plume,  
 Blended with heather.  
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
 Forward each man set;  
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
 Knell for the onset!  
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades, &c.



## YOUNG LOCHINVAR

*Con spirito*

1. Oh, young Loch-in-var is come

out of the west; Through all the wide bor-der his steed was the best; And,

save his good broad-sword, he wea-pon had none; He rode all unarmed, and he

rode all a-lone. So faith-ful in love, and so daunt-less in war, There

nev-er was knight like the young Lochinvar.

*f* *mf* *p*

## 2.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,  
 He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;  
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
 The bride had consented,—the gallant came late:  
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

## 3.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,  
 Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.  
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,  
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)  
 "Oh! come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

## 4.

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—  
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—  
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine  
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
 There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,  
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

## 5.

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,  
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup;  
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,  
 With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.  
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,  
 "Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

## 6.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;  
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;  
 And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far  
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

## 7.

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
 When they reached the hall door and the charger stood near;  
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!—  
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur!  
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

## 8.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;  
 Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;  
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,  
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see!  
 So daring in love and so dauntless in war,  
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?





# SONGS OF LADY NAIRNE.

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Carolina Oliphant, who became by marriage the Baroness Nairne, was born in the "Auld Hoose" of Gask in Perthshire, and named "after the King," on August 16, 1766. She was twenty-seven years old when the impulse seized her to try to purify the national songs which she found circulating among the common people. From her first successful attempt at making a new version of the then popular ditty, "The Pleughman," to her last contribution to the "Scottish Minstrel" in 1824, Lady Nairne enriched the language with a greater number of songs that will not die than any other writer save Burns. To the "Scottish Minstrel" Lady Nairne contributed under the nom-de-plume of Mrs. Bogan of Bogan, and it was only at the time of her death—October 27, 1845—that a volume entitled "Lays from Strathearn"—bearing her name was in course of being prepared for publication. As a matter of fact she had consented to the publication of this collection only on the condition that her name should not appear, but after her death her only remaining sister gave permission that the volume should be published with the author's name attached.

## THE LAND O' THE LEAL

Andante affettuoso

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in G minor, 3/4 time, marked 'Andante affettuoso'. The introduction features a piano accompaniment with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both marked 'p' (piano). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a final measure marked 'pp' (pianissimo). The vocal melody enters in the second measure, marked 'S' (Soprano). The lyrics are: '1. I'm wear - in' a - wa',... Jean, Like snaw wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm wear - in' a - wa'..... to the land.... o' the leal. There's

1. I'm wear - in' a - wa',... Jean, Like snaw wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm

wear - in' a - wa'..... to the land.... o' the leal. There's

nae sor - row there, ... Jean, There's neith - er could nor care, ... Jean, The

days' ..... aye ..... fair ..... in the land... o' the leal.

*mf*

*pp*

D.S.

## 2.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,  
 She was baith gude and fair, Jean,  
 And we grudged her sair  
     To the land o' the leal.  
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,  
 And joy is comin' fast, Jean,  
 A joy that's aye to last  
     In the land o' the leal.

## 3.

O dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,  
 My saul lang's to be free, Jean,  
 And angels wait for me  
     To the land o' the leal.  
 Now fare ye weel, my ain, Jean,  
 This world's care is vain, Jean,  
 We'll meet and aye be fain  
     In the land o' the leal.



## THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

Allegro

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked 'Allegro'. The introduction consists of six measures of eighth-note patterns in both hands. The first vocal line starts with a whole rest for two measures, followed by the lyrics '1. The Laird o' Cock - pen, he's'. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth-note patterns. The second vocal line begins with 'proud an' he's great; His mind is taen up wi' the things o' the state: He'. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords in the right hand and a steady eighth-note bass line. The third vocal line starts with 'want - ed a wife his braw house to keep; But fav - or wi woo - in was'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same chordal and bass line patterns.

1. The Laird o' Cock - pen, he's

proud an' he's great; His mind is taen up wi' the things o' the state: He

want - ed a wife his braw house to keep; But fav - or wi woo - in was



## 2.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,  
 At his table-head he thought she'd look well:  
 M'Cleish's ae dochter o' Clavers'-ha' Lee,  
 A pennyless lass, wi' a lang pedigree.

## 3.

His wig was weel-pouther'd, as gude as when new,  
 His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;  
 He put on a ring, a sword, an' cock'd hat;  
 An' wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

## 4.

He mounted his mare, an' he rade cannilee;  
 An' rapp'd at the yett o' Clavers'-ha' Lee.  
 "Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben;  
 She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen!"

## 5.

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine —  
 "What brings the Laird here at siccan a time?"  
 She put aff her apron, an' on her silk gown,  
 Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' down.

## 6.

An' when she cam' ben, he bood fu' low;  
 An' what was his errand he soon let her know.  
 Amazed was the Laird when the lady said — "Na!"  
 An' wi' a laigh curtsie, she turn'd awa'.

## 7.

Dumfounder'd was he-but nae sigh did he gie;  
 He mounted his mare, and he rade cannilie;  
 An' aften he thocht, as he gaed thro' the glen,  
 "She was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen!"

## CALLER HERRIN'

Moderato

1. Wha'll buy cal - ler her - rin', They're

The first system of music for 'Caller Herrin'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The lyrics '1. Wha'll buy cal - ler her - rin', They're' are written below the vocal staff.

bonnie fish and hale - some fa - rin'; Wha'll buy cal - ler her - rin', New drawn frae the Forth.

The second system of music. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'bonnie fish and hale - some fa - rin'; Wha'll buy cal - ler her - rin', New drawn frae the Forth.' The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support.

When ye were sleep - in' on your pil - lows, Dream'd ye aught o' our puir fel - lows,

The third system of music. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'When ye were sleep - in' on your pil - lows, Dream'd ye aught o' our puir fel - lows,'. The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern.

Dark-ling as they fac'd the bil - lows, A' to fill the wov - en wil - lows?

The fourth system of music. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics 'Dark-ling as they fac'd the bil - lows, A' to fill the wov - en wil - lows?'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

Chorus. *animato*

Buy my cal - ler her - rin', New drawn frae the Forth. Wha'll buy my cal - ler her - rin', They're

The chorus section of the music, marked 'Chorus. animato'. It features a more lively tempo. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment are more active, with the lyrics 'Buy my cal - ler her - rin', New drawn frae the Forth. Wha'll buy my cal - ler her - rin', They're'.



no brought here without brave darin', Buy my cal-ler her-rin', Hauld through wind and rain; Wha'll

buy my cal-ler her - rin'? Oh, ye may ca' them vulgair farin', Wives and mithers maist despairin',

Ca' them lives o' men.

## 2.

Wha'll buy caller herrin'?  
 They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';  
 Wha'll buy caller herrin',  
     New drawn frae the Forth.  
 And when the creel o' herrin' passes,  
 Ladies clad in silks and laces,  
 Gather in their braw pelisses,  
 Cast their heads and screw their faces.  
     Buy my caller herrin'  
     New drawn frae the Forth.  
 Cho. Wha'll buy &c.

## 3.

Wha'll buy caller herrin'?  
 They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';  
 Wha'll buy caller herrin',  
     New drawn frae the Forth.  
 Gude caller herrins no' got lichtlie,  
 Ye can trip the spring fu' tichtlie,  
 Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',  
 Gow has set you a' a-singin'.  
     Buy my caller herrin'  
     New drawn frae the Forth.  
 Cho. Wha'll buy &c.

## 4.

Wha'll buy caller herrin'?  
 They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';  
 Wha'll buy caller herrin',  
     New drawn frae the Forth.  
 But neibor wives now tent my tellin',  
 At ae word be in ye're dealin',  
 When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',  
 Truth will stand when a' things failin'.  
     Buy my caller herrin'  
     New drawn frae the Forth.  
 Cho. Wha'll buy &c.

## THE BRIER BUSH

Moderato

1. There

*cresc.*

grows a bon - nie brier.... bush in our kail - yaird, And

white are the blos - soms o't in our kail - yaird; Like.....

wee bit white cock - auds..... to..... deck our hie - land lads, And the

lass - es lo'e the bon-nie bush in our kail - yaird.

2. An' it's hame, an' it's hame to the North Countrie,  
An' it's hame, an' it's hame to the North Countrie;  
Where my bonnie Jean is waiting for me,  
Wi' a heart kind and true, in my ain Countrie.
3. "But were they a' true that were far awa'?"  
Oh! were they a' true that were far awa'?"  
They drew up wi' glaikit Englishers at Carlisle Ha',  
And forgot auld frien's that were far awa'.
4. Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye ha'e been,  
Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Athol's green;  
Ye lo'ed owre weel the dancin' at Carlisle Ha',  
And forgot the Hieland hills that were far awa'.
5. I ne'er lo'ed a dance but on Athol's green,  
I ne'er lo'ed a lass but my ain dorty Jean,  
Sair, sair against my will did I bide sae lang awa',  
And my heart was ay in Athol's green, at Carlisle Ha'.
6. The brier bush was bonny ance in our kail-yaird,  
The brier bush was bonny ance in our kail-yaird;  
A blast blew owre the hill, gae'd Athol's flowers a chill,  
And the bloom's blawn aff the bonny bush in our kail-yaird.



## THE ROWAN TREE

Andante

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in C major, 4/4 time, marked 'Andante'. The introduction features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with a piano dynamic marking 'p'.

The vocal melody begins with the lyrics: "1. Oh! Row-an Tree, Oh! Row-an Tree! thou't aye be dear to me,--- En-". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady, rhythmic pattern, also marked 'p'.

The second line of the vocal melody continues with: "twind' thou art wi' mo - ny ties, o' hame and in - fan - cy. Thy". The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with sustained chords and moving lines.

The third line of the vocal melody concludes with: "leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy flow'rs the sim - mer's pride; There". The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord, maintaining the 'p' dynamic.

The score is written on four systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano grand staff (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff.

was nae sic a' bon - ny tree, in a' the coun - trie side, Oh!

Row - an Tree!

## 2.

How fair wert thou in simmer time, wi' a' thy clusters white,  
 How rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi' berries red and bright.  
 On thy fair stem were many names, which now nae mair I see,  
 But they're engraven on my heart, forgot they ne'er can be!  
 Oh! Rowan Tree!

## 3.

We sat aneath thy spreading shade, the bairnies round thee ran,  
 They pu'd thy bonny berries red, and necklaces they strang.  
 My mother! Oh! I see her still, she smild our sports to see,  
 Wi' little Jeanie on her lap, and Jamie at her knee!  
 Oh! Rowan Tree!

## 4.

Oh! there arose my father's prayer, in holy evening's calm,  
 How sweet was then my mother's voice, in the Martyr's psalm;  
 Now a' are gane! we meet nae mair aneath the Rowan Tree!  
 But hallowed thoughts arounds thee twine o' hame and infancy.  
 Oh! Rowan Tree!

## WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?

*Moderato*

1. Bon - nie Char - lies now a - wa',

Safe - ly owre the friend - ly main; Mo - ny a heart will break in twa,

*Chorus*  
*cresc.*

Should he ne'er come back a - gain. Will ye no' come back a - gain?

*a piacere* *a tempo cresc.*

Will ye no' come back... a - gain? Bet - ter lo'ed ye can - na be,

*p* *mf*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system is the chorus, marked 'Chorus' and 'cresc.'. The fourth system continues the chorus. The fifth system is marked 'a piacere' and 'a tempo cresc.'. The sixth system continues the chorus. The piano part includes dynamic markings 'p' (piano) and 'mf' (mezzo-forte).



Will ye no' come back... a-gain? *p* *mf* *cresc.* *D.S. S*

*For 2d. Verse, 2. Ye* *D.S. S*

## 2

Ye trusted in your Hieland men,  
 They trusted you, dear Charlie!  
 They kent your hiding in the glen,  
 Death or exile braving.  
 Will ye no, &c.

## 3

English bribes were a' in vain,  
 Tho' puir and puirer we maun be;  
 Siller canna buy the heart  
 That beats aye, for thine and thee.  
 Will ye no, &c.

## 4

We watched thee in the gloamin' hour,  
 We watched thee in the morning grey;  
 Tho' thirty thousand pound they'd gie,  
 Oh, there is nane that wad betray!  
 Will ye no, &c.

## 5

Sweet's the laverock's note and lang,  
 Lilting wildly up the glen;  
 But aye to me he sings ae sang,  
 "Will ye no come back again?"  
 Will ye no, &c.

## THE HUNDRED PIPERS

*Allegro moderato*

*mf* 1. Wi' a

hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a', Wi a' hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a', We'll

*cresc.* up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a'; Oh! it's

*cresc.* ower the Bor - der a - wa', a - wa', It's ower the Bor - der a - wa', a - wa', We'll

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato'. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The vocal part has a melody that follows the lyrics. The lyrics are in Scottish Gaelic and English. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a piano introduction. The second system begins with the lyrics 'hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a', Wi a' hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a', We'll'. The third system continues with 'up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a'; Oh! it's'. The fourth system ends with 'ower the Bor - der a - wa', a - wa', It's ower the Bor - der a - wa', a - wa', We'll'. Dynamic markings include 'mf' (mezzo-forte) and 'f' (forte) for the piano part, and 'cresc.' (crescendo) for the vocal part. The score is printed on a single page with a light beige background.

on and we'll march to Car-lisle Ha', Wi' its yetts, its cas-tle an' a', an' a', Wi' a

hun-dred pi-pers an' a', an' a', Wi' a hun-dred pi-pers an' a', an' a; We'll

up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun-dred pi-pers an' a', an' a'.

## 2.

Oh! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,  
 Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a',  
 Wi' their bonnets an' feathers, an' glitterin' gear,  
 An' pibrochs sounding sweet an' clear.  
 Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?  
 Will they a' return our Hieland men?  
 Second-sighted Sandy looked fu' wae,  
 And mithers grat when they marched away.  
 Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.

## 3.

The Esk was swollen, sae red, an' sae deep;  
 But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep;  
 Twa thousand swam ower to fell English ground,  
 An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.  
 Dumfounder'd, the English saw, they saw,  
 Dumfounder'd, they heard the blaw, the blaw;  
 Dumfounder'd, they a' ran awa', awa',  
 Frae the hundred pipers, an' a', an' a'.  
 Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.



# THE AULD HOUSE

*Andante con espressione*

*p* Oh! the

Auld house, the Auld... house, What tho' the rooms were wee! Oh!...

kind hearts were dwell - ing there, And bairn - ies fu' o' glee: The

wild rose and the jes - sa-mine Still hang up - on the wa'. How...

mo - ny cher - ish'd mem - o - ries Do they, sweet flow'rs, re - ca'.

## 2.

Oh, the Auld Laird, the Auld Laird,  
 Sae canty, kind and crouse,  
 How mony did he welcome  
 To his ain wee dear Auld house;  
 And the Leddy, too, sae genty,  
 There shelter'd Scotland's heir,  
 And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand  
 Frae his lang yellow hair.

## 3.

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,  
 The blue-bells sweetly blaw,  
 The bonny Earn's clear winding still,  
 But the Auld house is awa'.  
 The Auld house, the Auld house,  
 Deserted tho' ye be,  
 There ne'er can be a new house  
 Will seem sae fair to me.

## 4.

Still flourishing the auld pear tree  
 The bairnies liked to see,  
 And oh, how often did they speer  
 When ripe they a'wad be?  
 The voices sweet, the wee bit feet  
 Aye rinin' here and there,  
 The merry shout— oh! whiles we greet  
 To think we'll hear nae mair!

## O CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

Andante

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (p) dynamic, followed by mezzo-forte (mf) and then forte (f). The melody is simple and sentimental. The lyrics are: 'O Char - lie is my dar - ling, My dar - ling, my dar - ling, O Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young Che - va - lier. 'Twas on a Mon - day morn - ing, Right ear - ly in the year, When'. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

O

Char - lie is my dar - ling, My dar - ling, my dar - ling, O

Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young Che - va - lier. 'Twas

on a Mon - day morn - ing, Right ear - ly in the year, When

*p* *mf* *f* *tenuto*

Char - lie cam' to our..... toun, The.. young.. Chev - a - lier. O

The first system of the musical score for 'The Young Chevalier'. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The lyrics are 'Char - lie cam' to our..... toun, The.. young.. Chev - a - lier. O'.

Char - lie is my dar - ling, My dar - ling, my dar - ling, O

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with 'Char - lie is my dar - ling, My dar - ling, my dar - ling, O'. The piano accompaniment includes triplets in the bass line.

Char-lie is my dar - ling, The young Chevalier.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with 'Char-lie is my dar - ling, The young Chevalier.'. The piano accompaniment features dynamic markings: *p* (piano), *cresc.* (crescendo), *f* (forte), and *ten.* (tenuto).

Succeeding verses begin at  $\text{\textcircled{S}}$

As he cam' marching up the street,  
The pipes play'd loud and clear;  
And a' the folk cam' rinnin' oot  
To meet the Chevalier.  
O Charlie, &c.

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,  
And claymores bright and clear,  
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right  
And the young Chevalier.  
O Charlie, &c.

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,  
Their wives and bairnies, dear,  
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,  
The young Chevalier.  
O Charlie, &c.

Oh! there was mony a beating heart,  
And mony a hope and fear,  
And mony were the prayers put up  
For the young Chevalier!  
O Charlie, &c.





# SONGS OF ROBERT TANNAHILL.

---

Robert Tannahill was born in Paisley in 1774 and died in 1810. He was early sent to the loom, and continued to follow the staple trade of his native town until his twenty-sixth year, when, with one of his younger brothers, he removed to Lancashire. There he continued two years, till, hearing of his father's ill health, he returned in time to receive his dying blessing. Tannahill had been an enthusiastic student of Ramsay, Fergusson and Burns and composed verses from a very early age. But he was nearly thirty until he wrote anything above mediocrity. It was largely due to the encouragement of R. A. Smith, a musician and composer, that he applied himself sedulously to song-writing. When Smith had set some of his songs to original airs, he ventured, in 1807, on the publication of a volume of poems and songs, of which the first edition, consisting of nine hundred copies, was sold in a few weeks. Disappointment over the difficulty experienced in getting out a new edition of his poems, intensified by physical ailments, produced a state of mind which ended in suicide one night in May, 1810.

# JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE

Andante semplice

1. The

sun has gane down o'er the loft - y Ben-Lomond, And left the red clouds to pre-

side o'er the scene: While lane - ly I stray in the calm simmer gloamin', To...

muse on sweet Jes-sie, the flower o' Dun-blane. How sweet is the brier wi' its

*mf*

saft fauld-ing blos-som, And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green; But

sweet-er and fair-er, and dear to this bo-som, Is love-ly young Jes-sie, the

flower o' Dunblane, Is... love-ly young Jes-sie, Is... love-ly young Jessie, Is

love-ly young Jes-sie, the flower o' Dun-blane.

## 2.

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonnie,  
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;  
 And far be the villain, divested of feeling,  
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dunblane.  
 Sing on thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'enin',  
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen;  
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,  
 Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.  
 Is charming young Jessie, &c.



## O ARE YE SLEEPIN,' MAGGIE?

Moderato



1. Mirk and rain - y is the night, No a star in a' the car - ry,

The first line of the song is in A major and common time. The melody is in the right hand, starting on A4 and moving stepwise up to G5. The piano accompaniment is in the left hand, consisting of a series of chords: A3, G3, F#3, E3, D3, C3, B2, A2, G2, F#2. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Lightning's gleam a-thwart the lift, And winds drive wi' win - ters' fu - ry;

The second line of the song is in A major and common time. The melody is in the right hand, starting on A4 and moving stepwise up to G5. The piano accompaniment is in the left hand, consisting of a series of chords: A3, G3, F#3, E3, D3, C3, B2, A2, G2, F#2. The piece ends with a double bar line.

O are ye sleep - in', Mag-gie? O are.... ye.... sleep-in', Mag-gie?

Let me in, for loud the linn Is roar - in' o'er.. the warlock craigie.

2.

Fearfu' soughs the bourtree bank,  
The rifted wood roars wild an' drearie,  
Loud the iron yett does clank,  
And cry o' howlets mak's me eerie.  
O are ye sleepin', Maggie? &c.

3.

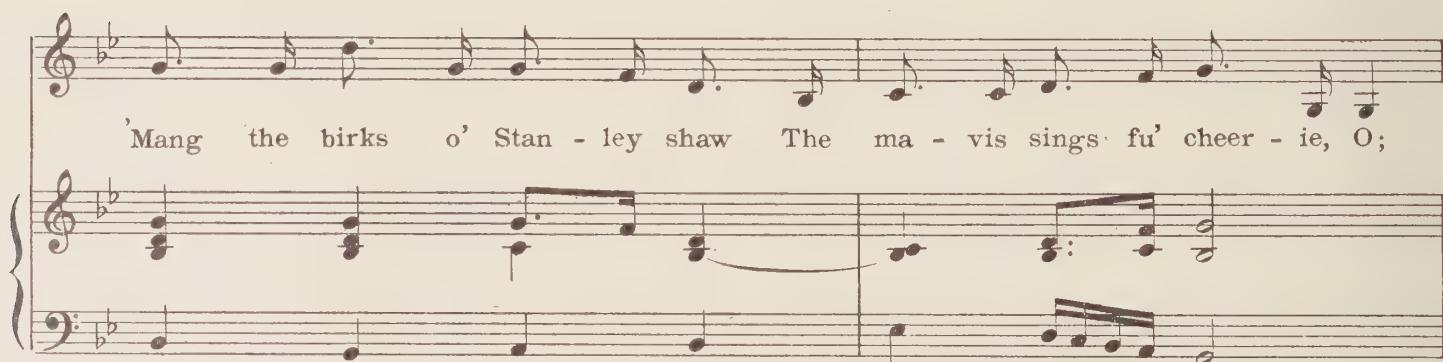
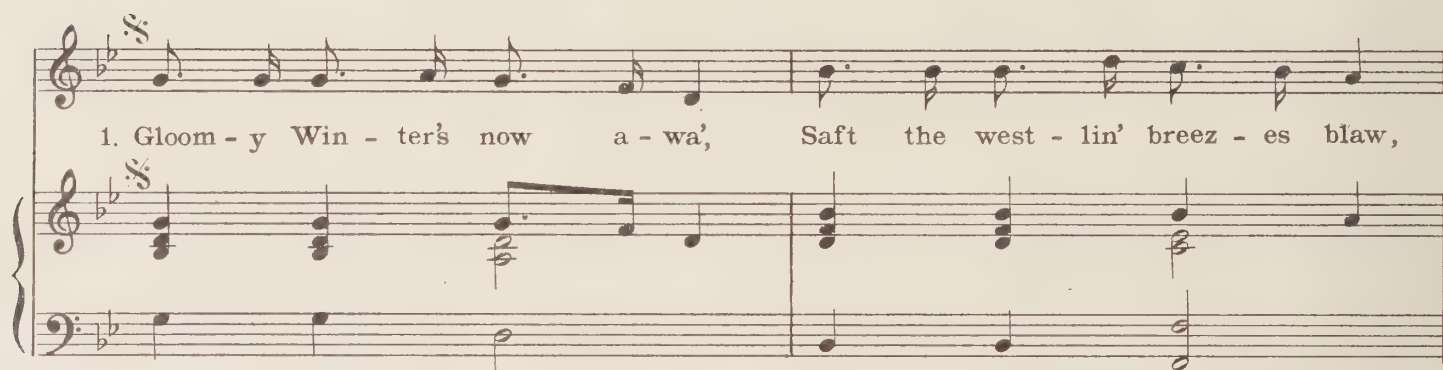
Aboon my breath I daur na speak,  
For fear I rouse your waukrife daddy;  
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,  
O rise, rise my bonnie lady!  
O are ye sleepin' Maggie? &c

4.

She oped the door, she let him in;  
He cuist aside his dreepin' plaidie;  
"Blaw your warst ye rain, ye win',  
Since Maggie now I'm in aside ye!"  
Noo since ye're waukin' Maggie,  
Noo since ye're waukin' Maggie,  
What care I for howlet's cry,  
For bourtree bank or warlock craigie?

## GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'

Moderato



Blooming like thy bonnie sel', My young, my artless dearie, O. Come, my lassie, let us stray

O'er Glen-kil-loch's sun-ny brae, Blythe-ly spend the... gow-den day 'Midst

joys that nev-er... wea-ry, O.

*p espressivo*

D.S.

2.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,  
 Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds,  
 Siller saughs, wi' downy buds,  
 Adorn the banks sae briery, O;  
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks  
 Feathery braikens fringe the rocks,  
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,  
 And ilka thing is cheerie, O;  
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,  
 Flow'rs may bloom, and verdure spring,  
 Joy to me they canna bring,  
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.



## WE'LL MEET BESIDE THE DUSKY GLEN

Moderato

The piano introduction is in E-flat major, 4/4 time, marked Moderato. It begins with a treble clef staff containing a whole rest. The piano accompaniment starts in the second measure with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The right hand features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a simple bass line. The introduction concludes in the fourth measure with a final chord in the right hand and a whole note in the left hand.

The first vocal line begins in the second measure of the piano introduction. The melody is written in a treble clef staff. The lyrics are: "1. We'll meet beside the dusk - y glen, on yon burn - side, Where the". The piano accompaniment continues with the same melody and bass line as the introduction.

The second vocal line begins in the fifth measure of the piano introduction. The melody is written in a treble clef staff. The lyrics are: "bush - es form a co - zie den, on yon burn - side; Tho' the". The piano accompaniment continues with the same melody and bass line as the introduction.

broom - y knowes be green, Yet..... there we may be seen; But we'll...

*colla voce*

meet, we'll meet at e'en... down by yon burn-side.

## 2.

I'll lead thee to the birken bow'r, on yon burn-side,  
 Sae sweetly wove wi' woodbine flow'r, on yon burn-side;  
     There the mavis we will hear,  
     And the blackbird singin' clear,  
 As on my arm ye lean, down by yon burn-side.

## 3.

Awa', ye rude unfeeling crew, frae yon burn-side;  
 Those fairy scenes are no for you, by yon burn-side;  
     There fancy smooths her theme,  
     By the sweetly murmuring stream,  
 And the rock lodged echoes skim, down by yon burn-side

## 4.

Now the plantin' taps are tinged wi' gowd, on yon burn-side,  
 And gloamin' draws her foggy shroud o'er yon burn-side;  
     Far frae the noisy scene,  
     I'll through the fields alane;  
 There we'll meet, my ain dear Jean! down by yon burn-side.

# THOU BONNIE WOOD O' CRAIGIELEA

*Lento e grazioso*

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is played in the right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Thou bon - nie wood o' Craig - ie-lea, Thou bon - nie wood o'... Craigie - lea, Near

The first vocal line is on a single staff in G major. The piano accompaniment continues below, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

thee I pass'd life's ear - ly day, And won my Ma - ry's heart in thee. 1. The

The second vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line with eighth notes. The system ends with a repeat sign.

broom, the brier, the birk - en bush Bloom bon-nie o'er the flow'-ry.....lea. And

The third vocal line concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment is marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The melody ends with a long note on 'lea'.

a' the sweets that ane can wish Frae Na-ture's hand, are strew'd on thee. Thou

bon - nie wood o' Craig - ie - lea, Thou bon - nie wood o'... Craig - ie - lea, Near

*p*

thee I pass'd life's ear-ly day, And won my Ma-ry's heart in thee.

*D.S.*

*dim.*

2.

Far ben thy dark green planting's shade,  
The cushat croodles am'rously,  
The mavis down the bughted glade  
Gars echo ring, frae every tree.  
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

3.

Awa ye thoughtless murd'ring gang,  
Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!  
They'll sing ye yet a canty sang,  
Then, O in pity let them be.  
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

4.

When Winter blows in sleety show'rs  
Frae aff the Norlan hills sae hie,  
He lightly skiffs thy bonnie bow'rs,  
As laith to harm a flow'r in thee.  
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

5.

Tho' fate should drag me south the line,  
Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,  
The happy hours I'll ever mind,  
That I in youth hae spent in thee.  
Thou bonnie wood, &c.





# SONGS OF JAMES HOGG.

---

James Hogg, better known as the "Ettrick Shepherd," was born in 1772 and died in 1835. His first contributions to verse were published in 1801, and the most notable of his poetical works, "The Queen's Wake," bears date of 1813. The "Shepherd," whom Professor Wilson has made immortal in the *Noctes Ambrosianae*, is not the James Hogg of real life, but has enough in common with him to make the delineation a recognizable piece of personal portraiture. Hogg's poems are probably open to the charge of diffuseness which have been brought against them, and certainly lack sustained vigor, liveliness and strength of style. But no such charge can lie against the best of his songs and certainly not against any of those which are here presented.

## CAM' YE BY ATHOL ?

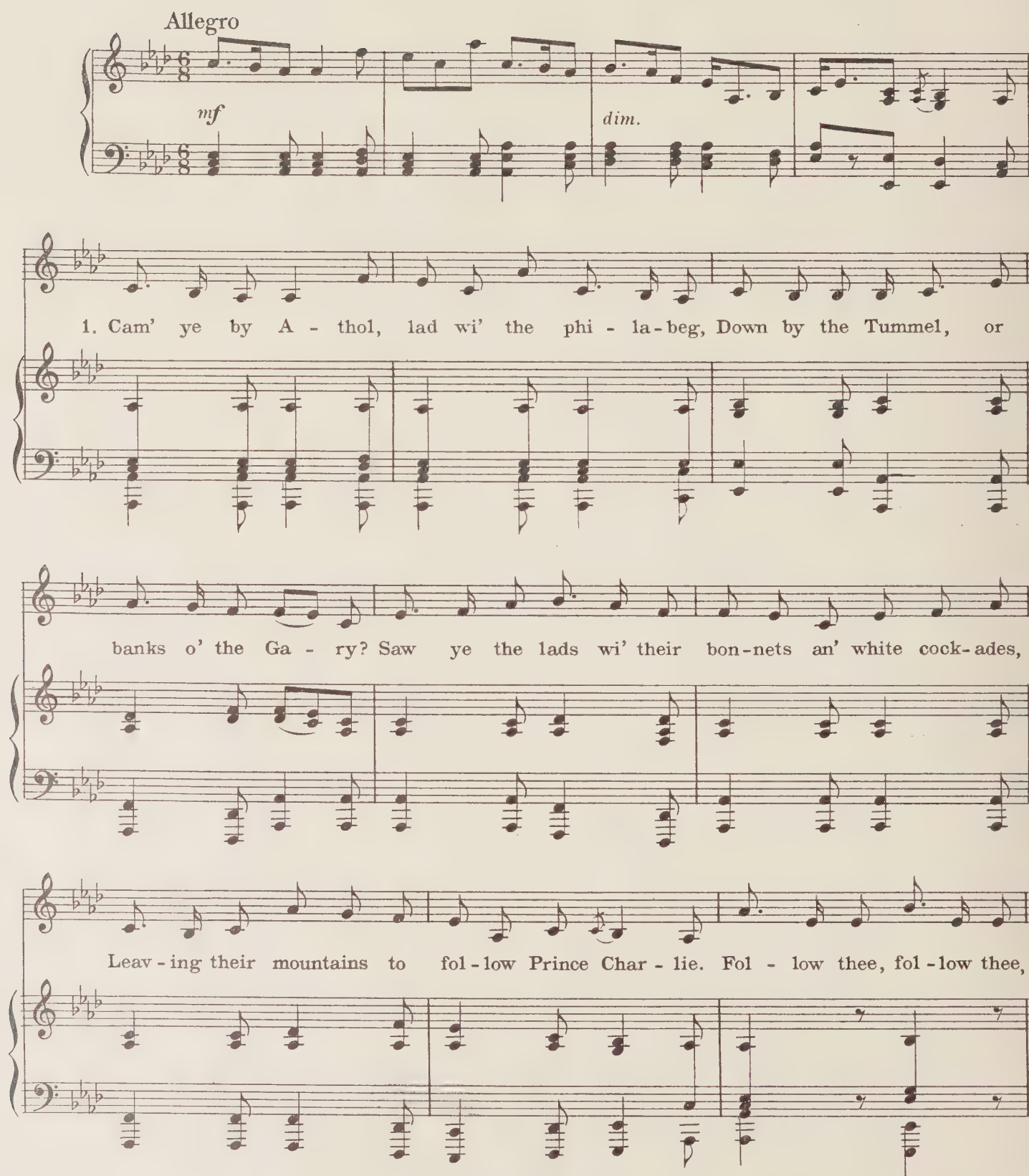
*Allegro*

*mf* *dim.*

1. Cam' ye by A - thol, lad wi' the phi - la-beg, Down by the Tummel, or

banks o' the Ga - ry? Saw ye the lads wi' their bon-nets an' white cock-ades,

Leav - ing their mountains to fol - low Prince Char - lie. Fol - low thee, fol - low thee,



wha wad - na fol - low thee? Lang hast thou lo'ed an'.. trust - ed us... fair - ly!

Char - lie, Char - lie, wha wad - na fol - low thee? King o' the Highland hearts,

bon - nie Prince Char - lie.

2.

I hae but ae son, my gallant young Donald;  
 But if I had ten they should follow Glengary;  
 Health to Macdonald and gallant Clanronald,  
 For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.  
 Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

3.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them;  
 Down by Lord Murray and Roy of Kildarlie;  
 Brave Mackintosh, he shall fly to the field wi' them;  
 These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.  
 Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

4.

Down thro' the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore,  
 Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely;  
 Ronald and Donald drive on wi' the braid claymore,  
 Over the necks of the foes o' Prince Charlie.  
 Follow thee, follow thee, &c.



# WHEN THE KYE COME HAME

Allegretto



1. Come, all ye jol - ly shep - herds That whis - tle thro' the glen, I'll.....

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The melody begins with a repeat sign and consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment supports the vocal line with chords and moving lines.

tell ye of a secret That courtiers din-na ken: What is the greatest bliss That the

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line flows smoothly, and the piano accompaniment maintains the harmonic structure.

tongue o' man can name? 'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie When the kye come hame, When the

The third system concludes the visible portion of the song. The vocal melody ends with a final note, and the piano accompaniment provides a concluding harmonic support.

kye come hame, When the kye come hame, 'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk, When the

kye come hame.

## 2

'Tis not beneath the burgonet,  
 Nor yet beneath the crown,  
 'Tis not on couch of velvet,  
 Nor yet on bed of down;  
 'Tis beneath the spreading birk  
 In the dell without a name,  
 Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie  
 When the kye come hame,  
 When the kye come hame,  
 When the kye come hame,  
 'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,  
 When the kye come hame.

## 3

See yonder pawkie shepherd,  
 That lingers on the hill,  
 His ewes are in the fauld,  
 And his lambs are lying still;  
 But he downa gang to rest,  
 For his heart is in a flame  
 To meet his bonnie lassie  
 When the kye come hame,  
 When the kye come hame,  
 When the kye come hame,  
 'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk  
 When the kye come hame.

## 4

Awa' wi' fame and fortune,  
 What pleasure can they gie,  
 And a' the arts that prey upon  
 Man's life and liberty?  
 Gie me the highest joy  
 That the tongue of man can name,  
 My bonnie, bonnie lassie  
 When the kye come hame,  
 When the kye come hame,  
 When the kye come hame,  
 'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,  
 When the kye come hame.

# COME OE'R THE STREAM, CHARLIE.

Animato

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody begins with a quarter note, followed by eighth and sixteenth notes, and includes some triplets. The bass line consists of quarter and eighth notes.

1. Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie, Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and

The first system of the song includes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *p* (piano). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

dine wi' Mac Lean; And though you be wea-ry, we'll make your heart cheer-y, And

The second system continues the song. The piano accompaniment features some triplet figures in the right hand.

wel - come our Char-lie and his loy - al train. We'll bring down the

The third system concludes the page. The piano accompaniment is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte) at the end. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

red deer, we'll bring down the black steer, The lamb from the breck-an and doe from the

glen; The salt sea we'll har-ry, and bring to our Charlie, The cream from the

bo - thy and curd from the pen.

*p*

*mf*

*D.S.*

## 2.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,  
 Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine wi' Mac Lean!  
 And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen Sheerly,  
 That stream in the starlight where kings dinna ken;  
 And deep be your meed o' the wine that is red,  
 To drink to your sire and his friend the Mac Lean.

## 3.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,  
 Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine wi' Mac Lean!  
 If aught will invite you or more will delight you,  
 'Tis ready, a troop of our bold Highland men  
 Shall range on the heather, with bonnet and feather,  
 Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten.



# MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET

*Allegretto scherzoso*



1. My... love, she's but a las - sie, yet, A... light-some, love - ly

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The piano part consists of chords and single notes that support the vocal line. The lyrics are: "1. My... love, she's but a las - sie, yet, A... light-some, love - ly".

las - sie, yet; It... scarce wad do To sit an' woo Down by... the.. stream sae

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "las - sie, yet; It... scarce wad do To sit an' woo Down by... the.. stream sae".

glas - sy, yet. But... there's a braw time com - in' yet, When

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "glas - sy, yet. But... there's a braw time com - in' yet, When".

we may gang a - roam - in' yet, An' hint wi' glee O' joys to be, When

fa's... the... mod - est gloam - in' yet.

*D.S.*

## 2.

She's neither proud nor saucy yet,  
 She's neither plump nor gaucy yet;  
     But just a jinkin',  
     Bonnie blinkin',  
 Hilty-skilty lassie yet.  
 But O her artless smile's mair sweet  
 Than hinny or than marmalete;  
     An' right or wrang,  
     Ere it be lang,  
 I'll bring her to a parley yet.

## 3.

I'm jealous o' what blesses her,  
 The very breeze that kisses her,  
     The flowery beds  
     On which she treads,  
 Though wae for ane that misses her.  
 Then O to meet my lassie yet,  
 Up in yon glen sae grassy yet;  
     For all I see  
     Are nought to me,  
 Save her that's but a lassie yet!



# SONGS OF HECTOR MACNEIL.

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Hector Macneil was born in 1746 and died in 1818, and was the son of an old captain of the Forty-second Regiment who turned farmer in Stirlingshire. He spent some years in the West Indies, was from 1780 to 1786 Assistant Secretary on the Admiral's Flagship, and after two visits to Jamaica settled in Edinburgh on an annuity given him by a friend. He wrote a legendary poem called "The Harp," in 1798, and a poem descriptive of the Carse of Forth, in 1796, but his name is most closely associated with "Scotland's Skaith, or the History o' Will and Jean," telling how a husband reduces a happy family to beggary by drinking, and recovers himself after a spell of soldiering and the loss of a leg. Still better known are Macneil's lyrics, the best of which are reproduced here and whose popularity will endure as long as Scottish song has power to charm.



## MY BOY TAMMY

Moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in D major (two sharps) and common time. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *mf*, *pp*, and *f*. The first vocal line is a single note, followed by the lyrics '1. Whar hae ye been a' the day,'. The piano accompaniment continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *p* and *pp*. The second vocal line is 'My.....boy... Tammy? Whar hae ye been a' the day My.... boy..... Tammy?'. The piano accompaniment continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *p* and *pp*.

1. Whar hae ye been a' the day,

My.....boy... Tammy? Whar hae ye been a' the day My.... boy..... Tammy?

I've been by burn and flow'ry brae, Meadow green and mountain gray, Courtin' o' this young thing,  
Just come frae her mammy.

2.

And whar gat ye that young thing,  
My boy Tammy?  
I gat her down in yonder howe,  
Smiling on a broomy knowe,  
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe,  
For her poor mammy.

3.

What said ye to the bonnie bairn,  
My boy Tammy?  
I prais'd her een, sae lovely blue,  
Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou,—  
I pree'd it aft, as ye may trow!—  
She said she'd tell her mammy.

4.

I held her to my beating heart,  
My young, my smiling lammie!  
I hae a house, it cost me dear,  
I've wealth o' plenishin' and gear;  
Ye'se get it a', wer't ten times mair,  
Gin ye will leave your mammy.

5.

The smile gaed aff her bonny face—  
I maunna leave my mammy:  
She's gien me meat, she's gien me claes,  
She's been my comfort a' my days—  
My father's death brought mony waes,  
I canna leave my mammy.

6.

We'll tak' her hame and mak' her fain,  
My ain kind-hearted lammie;  
We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claes,  
We'll be her comfort a' her days.  
The wee thing gi'es her hand and says—  
"There! gang and ask my mammy."

7.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,  
My boy Tammy?  
She has been to the kirk wi' me,  
And the tear was in her e'e:  
For, O! she's but a young thing,  
Just come frae her mammy.

# COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE

With animation

1. Come un-der my plaid - ie, the  
 night's gaun to fa'; Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift and the snaw: Come  
 un-der my plaid - ie, and sit down be-side me, There's room in't, dear las-sie, be-  
 lieve me, for twa. Come un-der my plaid-ie, and sit down be-side me, I'll



hap ye frae ev'-ry cauld blast that can blaw; Come un - der my plaid - ie, and

sit down be - side me, There's room in't, dear las - sie, be - lieve me for twa.

*f* *sf* *cresc.* *f*

2.

"Gae 'wa wi' yer plaidie! auld Donald, gae 'wa;  
 I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw!  
 Gae 'wa wi' yer plaidie! I'll no' sit beside ye;  
 Ye might be my gutcher! auld Donald, gae 'wa.  
 I'm gaun to meet Johnnie—he's young and he's bonnie;  
 He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig and fu' braw!  
 Nane dances sae lichtly, sae gracefu', sae tichtly,  
 His cheeks like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw!"

3.

"Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa';  
 Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;  
 The hale o' his pack he has now on his back;  
 He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.  
 Be frank noo, and kindly—I'll busk ye aye finely;  
 To kirk or to market there'll few gang sae braw;  
 A bien house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,  
 And flunkeys to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'!"

4.

"My faither aye tauld me, my mither and a',  
 Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me aye braw.  
 It's true I lo'e Johnnie; he's young and he's bonnie;  
 But, wae's me! I ken he has naething ava!  
 I hae little tocher; ye've made a gude offer;  
 I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!  
 Sae gie me your plaidie; I'll creep in beside ye;  
 I thocht ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa!"

5.

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',  
 Whare Johnnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a';  
 The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,  
 And strack 'gainst his side, as if bursting in twa.  
 He wander'd hame weary, the nicht it was dreary,  
 And, thowless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw:  
 The howlet was screamin', while Johnnie cried, "Women  
 Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw!"



# I LO'E NA A LADDIE BUT ANE

*Andante*  
*Legato*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the articulation is 'Legato'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The vocal line is a single melody line with lyrics written below it. The lyrics are: '1. I... lo'e na a lad-die but ane,..... He lo'es na a las-sie but me;..... He's will - in' to mak' me his ain,..... And his ain I am will - in' to be..... He coft me a roke - lay o' blue,..... And a pair... o' mit-tens o' —green;..... He vow'd that he'd ev - er be'.

1. I... lo'e na a lad-die but ane,..... He lo'es na a las-sie but  
me;..... He's will - in' to mak' me his ain,..... And his  
ain I am will - in' to be..... He coft me a roke - lay o'  
blue,..... And a pair... o' mit-tens o' —green;..... He vow'd that he'd ev - er be



## 2.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,  
 Their land, and their lordly degree;  
 I carena for ought but my dear,  
 For he's ilka thing lordly to me.  
 His words are sae sugar'd, sae sweet!  
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa'!  
 I listen, poor fool! and I greet;  
 Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

## 3.

"Dear lassie," he cries, wi' a jeer,  
 "Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;  
 Though we've little to brag o'—ne'er fear;  
 What's gowd to a heart that is wae?  
 Our laird has baith honours and wealth,  
 Yet see how he's dwining wi' care;  
 Now we, though we've naething but health,  
 Are cantie and leal evermair."

## 4.

"O Menie! the heart that is true,  
 Has something mair costly than gear;  
 Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,  
 Ilk morn it has naething to fear.  
 Ye warldlings, gae hoard up your store,  
 And tremble for fear ought ye tyne,  
 Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,  
 True love is the guardian o' mine."

## 5.

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile—  
 Wae's me, can I tak' it amiss!  
 My laddie's unpractised in guile,  
 He's free aye to daut and to kiss!  
 Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment  
 Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,  
 Play your pranks—I ha'e gi'en my consent,  
 And this night I am Jamie's for life.



# SONGS OF SCOTLAND'S MINOR POETS.

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In a song literature less rich than that of Scotland the names of Allan Ramsay, Lady Lindsay, John Skinner and Mrs. Cockburn would hardly be reckoned as minor bards. But the fact that their place is a comparatively humble one beside the names that precede them in this collection is a striking testimony to the supreme excellence of what is best in Scottish song. Professor Craik has said that "Literature is the artistic expression in words of what men think and feel, and is national in so far as it is colored by the beliefs and opinions prevalent at the time it may have been written; in so far as it reflects the history and lives of the people who have given it birth." By those who question the title of Scotsmen to claim the common heritage of a national character, it must be found difficult to explain the distinctively national tone and character which pervade the whole body of vernacular Scottish song from the very earliest fragments of it which we possess down to an example so modern as James Ballantyne's "Castles in the Air."



## ANNIE LAURIE

*Andante pastorale*

1. Max - well - ton braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew,..... And it's

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "1. Max - well - ton braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew,..... And it's".

there that An - nie Lau - rie Gied me her prom - ise true; Gied

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "there that An - nie Lau - rie Gied me her prom - ise true; Gied".

me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be, And for

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be, And for".

bon - nie An - nie... Lau-rie, I'd..... lay.... me doon and dee.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano part consists of chords and single notes, providing a harmonic foundation for the melody.

## 2.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,  
 Her neck is like the swan,  
 Her face it is the fairest  
 That e'er the sun shone on;  
 That e'er the sun shone on,  
 And dark blue is her e'e;  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me doon and dee.

## 3.

Like the dew on the gowan lying,  
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;  
 And like winds in simmer sighing,  
 Her voice is low and sweet.  
 Her voice is low and sweet,  
 And she's a' the world to me;  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me doon and dee.

# ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Moderato



*mf*

1. Roy's... wife of Al - di - valloch, Roy's... wife of Al - di - valloch,

The first vocal line is in the treble clef, starting with a half note D5. The piano accompaniment continues in the right hand, while the left hand plays a simple harmonic accompaniment. The key signature remains D major.

*p*

Wat ye how she cheat - ed me, As I cam' o'er the braes o' Balloch. She

The second vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with eighth-note patterns. The key signature remains D major.

*f*

vow'd, she swore she wad be.. mine, She said she lo'ed me best of o - ny, But,

The third vocal line begins with a half note D5. The piano accompaniment is more rhythmic, with a strong bass line. The key signature remains D major.

O! the fic - kle, faith - less quean, She's ta'en the Carle, and left her Johnnie!

Roy's.... wife of Al - di - val - loch, Roy's.... wife of Al - di - val - loch,

Wat ye how she cheat - ed me, As I cam' o'er the braes o' Balloch.

D.S.

2.

O! She was a canty quean  
 And weel could dance the Highland walloch;  
 How happy I, had she been mine,  
 Or I been Roy o' Aldivalloch.  
 Roy's wife &c.

3.

Her face sae fair, her e'en sae clear,  
 Her wee bit mou', sae sweet and bonnie;  
 To me she ever will be dear,  
 Though she's forever left her Johnnie.  
 Roy's wife &c.



## AULD ROBIN GRAY

Adagio

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Adagio'. The score includes several dynamic markings: 'rall.' (ritardando) and 'a tempo' in the first system; 'p' (piano) in the fourth system; and 'cresc.' (crescendo) in the fifth system. The vocal melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef, following the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Young Ja - mie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride, But  
sav - ing a crown, he had naething else be-side,... To make the crown a pound, my  
Ja - mie gaed to sea, And the crown and the pound were... baith for... me. He  
had na been gane a.... week but on - ly twa, When my fai - ther brake his arm, and the

*rall.*  
cow was stown a - wa'; My mither she fell sick.. and Ja - mie at the sea,... And  
Auld.. Rob-in Gray... came a - court - ing... me.

My faither couldna work, and my mither couldna spin,  
I toild day and night, but their bread I couldna win;  
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e,  
Said, "Jeanie for their sakes, will ye no marry me?"

My heart it said nay, - I look'd for Jamie back;  
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;  
The ship it was a wrack, why didna Jeanie dee?  
And why do I live to say, wae's me!

My faither urged me sair, my mither didna speak,  
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;  
So they gied him my hand tho' my heart was at the sea,  
And Auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,  
When sitting, sae mournfully, ae night at the door,  
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,  
Till he said, "I'm come back, for to marry thee!"

Oh, sair did we greet, and mickle tell o' a';  
I gied him ae kiss and bade him gang awa';  
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee,  
For though my heart is broken, I'm but young, wae's me.

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin:  
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin;  
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,  
For Auld Robin Gray he is kind to me.

## THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

Adagio mesto

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Adagio mesto'. The vocal part is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The score is divided into four systems, each with piano accompaniment and vocal melody. The first system includes a piano (p) dynamic marking. The second system includes a piano (p) dynamic marking. The third system includes a piano (p) dynamic marking. The fourth system includes a piano (p) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: '1. I've seen the smiling of... For - tune be - guil - ing, I've felt..... all its fa - vours and... found its de - cay; Sweet was its bless - ing,... kind.. its ca - ress - ing, But now 'tis..... fled,..... 'tis fled.. far a - way.'

1. I've seen the smil - ing of... For - tune be - guil - ing, I've

felt..... all its fa - vours and... found its de - cay; Sweet was its bless - ing,...

kind.. its ca - ress - ing, But now 'tis..... fled,..... 'tis fled.. far a - way.



I've seen the for-est a - dorn- ed the fore - most, With flowers of the fair-est, most  
 plea - sant and gay; Sae bonny was their blooming, their scent the air per-fum - ing, But  
 now,... they are wither-ed and.... a' wede away.

2.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,  
 And the dread tempest roaring before parting day;  
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams  
 Glit'ring in the sunny beams,  
 Grow drumlie and dark as they roll'd on their way.

3.

O fickle Fortune! why this cruel sporting?  
 O why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day?  
 Thy frowns cannot fear me,  
 Thy smiles cannot cheer me,  
 For the flowers of the forest are a' wede away.



## JOHNNIE COPE

Allegro

*marcato*

1. Cope sent a let - ter... frae Dunbar, Say-in', Charlie, meet... me...

gin... ye... daur, And I'll show you the art o' war, If you'll meet me in... the...

morn - in! Hey! John - nie Cope, are ye wauk - in'... yet? Or... are your... drums a -

beat-in'.. yet? If... ye... were wauk-in'... I... would wait, To... gang to the coals i' the

morn - in'.

2.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,  
He drew his sword the scabbard from;  
"Come, follow me, my merry, merry men,  
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the mornin'!"

Hey! etc.

3.

Now Johnnie, be as guid as your word,  
Come, let us try baith fire an' sword;  
An' dinna flee like a frightened bird  
That's chased frae its nest i' the mornin'.

Hey! etc.

4.

When Johnnie Cope he heard o' this,  
He thought it wadna be amiss  
To hae a horse in readiness,  
To flee awa' i' the mornin'.

Hey! etc.

5.

Fy, Johnnie! now get up and rin,  
The bagpipes mak' an unco din;  
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,  
For 'twill be a bluidy mornin'.

Hey! etc.

6.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,  
They speir'd at him, where's a' your men?  
"The de'il confound me gin I ken,  
For I left them a' i' the mornin'!"

Hey! etc.

7.

"Now, Johnnie, troth ye were na blate,  
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,  
And leave your men in sic a strait,  
Sae early i' the mornin'.

Hey! etc.

8.

"I' faith," quo' Johnnie, "I got sic flegs,  
Wi' their lang claymores and philabegs;  
If I face them again, de'il break my legs,  
Sae I wish you a' guid mornin'!"

Hey! etc.

# MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O!

*Moderato*

*p*

1. Thy cheek is o'... the... ro - se's hue, My on - ly jo... and

dear - ie, O! Thy neck is o'... the... sil - ler dew Up - on the banks sae

brier - ie, O! Thy teeth are o' the i - vo - ry; O

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in D major, marked 'Moderato' and 'p' (piano). The introduction consists of two staves of piano accompaniment. The first system of the song features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: '1. Thy cheek is o'... the... ro - se's hue, My on - ly jo... and'. The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, with lyrics: 'dear - ie, O! Thy neck is o'... the... sil - ler dew Up - on the banks sae'. The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, with lyrics: 'brier - ie, O! Thy teeth are o' the i - vo - ry; O'. The piano accompaniment is written in a simple, harmonic style, supporting the vocal melody.

sweet's the twin-kle o' thine e'e! Nae joy, nae plea-sure, blinks on me, My

on - ly jo... and dear - ie, O!

*colla voce*

*p*

2.

The birdie sings upon the thorn  
 Its song o' joy, fu' cheerie, O!  
 Rejoicing in the simmer morn,  
 Nae care to mak' it eerie, O!  
 Ah! little kens the sangster sweet,  
 Aught o' the care I ha'e to meet,  
 That gars my restless bosom beat,  
 My only jo and dearie, O!

3.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,  
 And youth was blinkin' bonnie, O!  
 Aft we would daff the lee lang day,  
 Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O!  
 Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lea,  
 And 'round about the thorny tree;  
 Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,  
 My only jo and dearie, O!

4.

I ha'e a wish I canna tine,  
 'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O!  
 A wish that thou wert ever mine,  
 And never mair to leave me, O!  
 Then I would dawt thee night and day,  
 Nae ither warldly care I'd ha'e,  
 Till life's warm stream forgat to play,  
 My only jo and dearie, O!



# BONNIE BESSIE LEE

*Allegro spiritoso*

*8va*

1. Bon-nie Bessie Lee had a face fu' o' smiles, And mirth 'round her ripe lips was

aye... danc-in' slee; And flight was the foot - fa' and win-some the wiles O' the

flow'r o' the par - o-chin, our ain Bes-sie Lee. Wi' the bairns she wad rin and the

schule lad-dies paik, And o'er the bloomy braes like a fai - ry wad flee; Till

auld hearts grew young again wi' love for her sake, There was life in the blythe blink o'

REFRAIN

bon-nie Bes-sie Lee. Our ain Bessie Lee, our bon-nie Bes-sie Lee, There was

life in the blythe blink o' bon-nie Bessie Lee.

8va

## 2.

She grat wi' the waefu', and laughed wi' the glad,  
 And light as the wind 'mang the dancers was she;  
 And a tongue that could jeer, too, the little lassie had,  
 Whilk keepit aye her ain side for bonnie Bessie Lee.  
 And she whiles had a sweetheart, and whiles she had twa,—  
 A glaikit bit lassie,—but, atween you and me,  
 Her warm wee bit heartie she ne'er three awa',  
 Though mony a ane had sought it frae bonnie Bessie Lee.

*Refrain.*

Our ain Bessie Lee, our bonnie Bessie Lee,  
 Though mony a ane had sought it frae bonnie Bessie Lee.

## 3.

But ten years had gane since I gazed on her last,—  
 For ten years had parted my auld hame and me;  
 And I said to mysel' as her mither's door I passed,  
 "Will I ever get anither kiss frae bonnie Bessie Lee?"  
 But Time changes a' things,—the ill-natured loon!  
 Were it ever sae rightly he'll no let it be;  
 But I rubbit at my e'en, and I thought I would swoon,—  
 How the carle had come 'round about our ain Bessie Lee

*Refrain.*

Our ain Bessie Lee, our bonnie Bessie Lee,  
 How the carle had come 'round about our ain Bessie Lee!

## 4.

The wee laughing lassie was a gude wife growing auld—  
 Twa weans at her apron and ane at her knee:  
 She was douce, too, and wiselike,—and wisdom's sae cauld:  
 Oh! I'd rather had the ither ane than this Bessie Lee.

*Omit 8 bars then go to Refrain.*

*Refrain.*

Than this Bessie Lee, than this Bessie Lee,  
 Oh! I'd rather had the ither ane than this Bessie Lee.

## OH! WHY LEFT I MY HAME ?

*Andante con espressivo*

*mf* *p*

1. O..... why left I my hame? Why did I cross the

deep? Oh!.... why left I the land Where my fore - fa - thers sleep?

*cresc.*

I..... sigh for Sco - tia's shore.. And I gaze a - cross the sea, But I





## 2.

The palm tree waveth high,  
 And fair the myrtle springs,  
 And to the Indian maid,  
 The bulbul sweetly sings;  
 But I dinna see the broom,  
 Wi' its tassels, on the lea,  
 Nor hear the linties' sang  
 O' my ain Countrie.

## 3.

Oh! here no Sabbath-bell  
 Awakes the Sabbath morn,  
 Nor song o' reapers heard,  
 Amang the yellow corn:  
 For the tyrants voice is here,  
 And the wail o' slaverie;  
 But the sun o' freedom shines  
 In my ain Countrie.

## 4.

There's a hope for every woe,  
 And a balm for every pain,  
 But the first love o' the heart  
 It ne'er comes back again.  
 There's a track upon the deep,  
 And a path across the sea,  
 But the weary ne'er return  
 To their ain Countrie.



## HAME, HAME, HAME

*Adagio*

1. Hame, hame, hame, Oh,... hame fain... wad I be,....

Hame, hame, hame, to my ain coun - trie! There's an e'e that ev - er weeps, and a

fair face will be fain, As I pass through An - nan Wa - ter with my

bon - ny bands a - gain; When the flow'r is i' the bud, and the

leaf up - on the tree, The... lark shall sing me hame in my ain coun - trie.

*cresc.* *p*

## 2.

Hame, hame, hame, Oh, hame fain wad I be,  
 Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!  
 The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa',  
 The bonny white rose it is withering an' a',  
 But I'll water't wi' the blood o' usurping tyrannie,  
 An' fresh it will blaw in my ain countrie.

## 3.

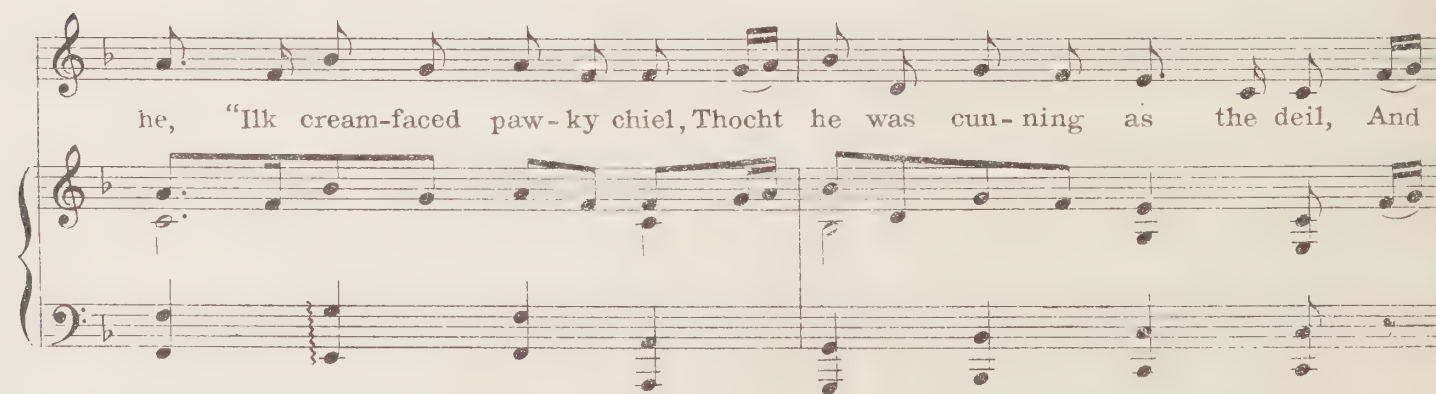
Hame, hame, hame, Oh, hame fain wad I be,  
 Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!  
 There's nought now frae ruin my countrie can save,  
 But the key o' kind heaven to open the grave,  
 That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyalty  
 May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

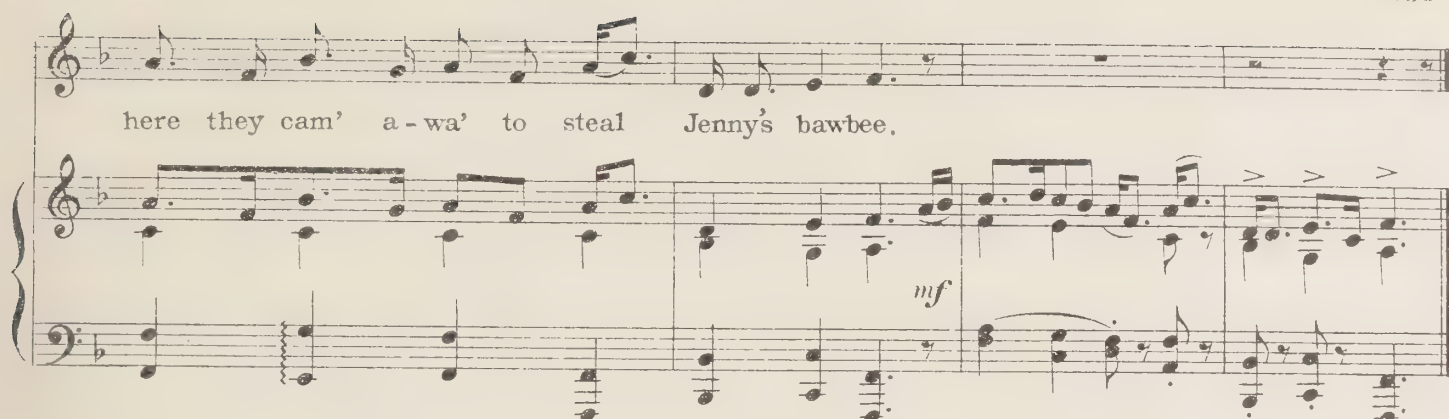
## 4.

Hame, hame, hame, Oh, hame fain wad I be,  
 Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!  
 The great now are gane, a' wha ventur'd to save;  
 The new grass is growing aboon their bloody grave;  
 But the sun thro' the mirk blinks blythe in my e'e,  
 I'll shine on you yet in your ain countrie.

## JENNY'S BAWBEE

Moderato





## 2.

The first, a Captain to his trade,  
Wi' skull ill lined, but back wheel-clad,  
March'd 'round the barn, and by the shed,

And pappit on his knee:

Quo he, "My goddess, nymph and queen,  
Your beauty's dazzled baith my een!"

But deil a beauty he had seen

But Jenny's bawbee.

## 3.

A Lawyer neist, wi' blathrin' gab,  
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,  
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,

And a' for a fee.

Accounts he owed through a' the toun,  
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown,  
But now he thocht to clout his gown

Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

## 4.

A Norland Laird, neist trotted up,  
Wi' baws and naig and siller whup,  
Cried, "There's my beast, lad, haud the grup,

Or tie't till a tree.

What's gowd to me? I've walth o' lan!

Bestow on ane o' worth, your han'!"

He thocht to pay what he was awn

Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

## 5.

Drest up just like the knave o' clubs,  
A thing came neist, but life has rubs,  
Foul were the roads and fu' the dubs,

And jaupit a' was he.

He danced up squintin' through a glass,  
And grinnd, "I' faith, a bonnie lass!"

He thought to win wi' front o' brass,

Jenny's bawbee.

## 6.

She bade the Laird gae kame his wig,  
The Sodger, no to strut sae big,  
The Lawyer, no to be a prig,

The fool, he cried, "Tehee!

I kenn'd that I could never fail!"

But she preen'd the dishclout to his tail,  
And soused him wi' the water-pail,

And kept her bawbee.

## 7.

Then Johnnie cam', a lad o' sense,  
Although he had na mony pence,  
And took young Jenny to the spence,

Wi' her to crack a wee.

Now Johnnie was a clever chiel,

And here his suit he press'd sae weel,

That Jenny's heart grew saft as jeel,

And she birl'd her bawbee.



## WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE!

Andante

1. A

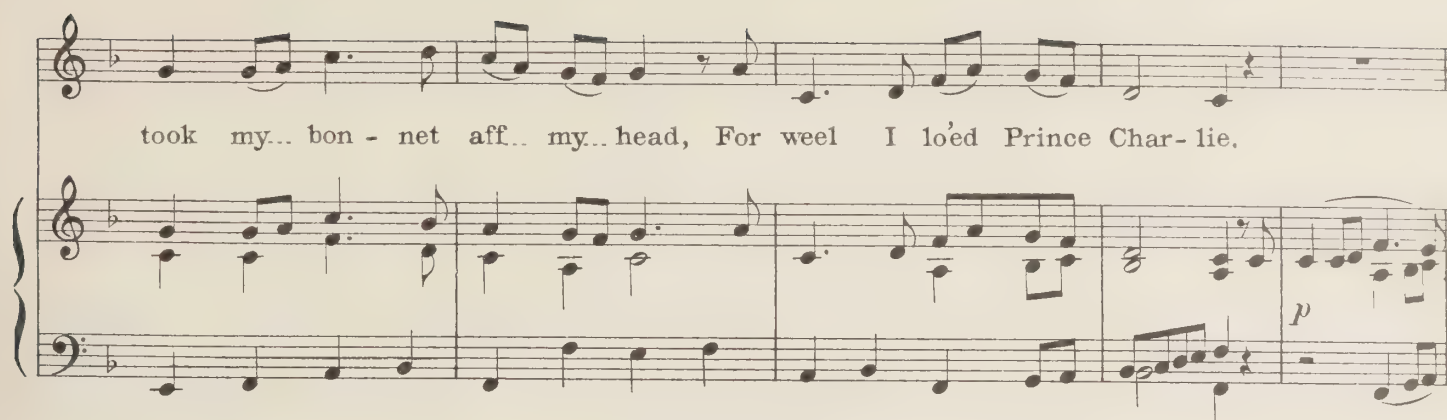
*rall.*

wee bird cam' to our... ha... door, He war - bled sweet an'... clear - ly, An'

aye the... o'er - come o'... his... sang Was, "Wae's me for... Prince Char - lie!" Oh

when I... heard the bon-nie, bon-nie bird, The tears cam' drap-pin' rare - ly, I

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a tempo marking of 'Andante' and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The first system shows the piano introduction with a treble and bass staff. The second system introduces the vocal melody with the lyrics 'wee bird cam' to our... ha... door, He war - bled sweet an'... clear - ly, An'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern. The third system continues the vocal line with 'aye the... o'er - come o'... his... sang Was, "Wae's me for... Prince Char - lie!" Oh'. The fourth system concludes the phrase with 'when I... heard the bon-nie, bon-nie bird, The tears cam' drap-pin' rare - ly, I'. The piano part features a consistent accompaniment of eighth notes throughout the vocal lines. There are first endings marked '1. A' at the end of the first system and 'rall.' (ritardando) in the piano part of the second system.



2.

Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,  
Is that a sang ye borrow,  
Are these some words ye've learned by heart  
Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow?"  
Oh! na, na, na! the wee bird sang,  
I've flown sin' mornin' early:  
But sic a day o' wind and rain—  
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

3.

On hills that are by right his ain,  
He roves a lanely stranger,  
On every side he's press'd by want,  
On every side is danger.  
Yestreen, I met him in a glen,  
My heart maist burstit fairly,  
For sadly changed, alas, was he,—  
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

4.

Dark night cam' on, the tempest roar'd,  
Loud o'er the hills and valleys,  
And where was't that your Prince lay down  
Wha's hame should been a palace?  
He row'd him in a Highland plaid,  
Which covered him but sparely;  
And slept beneath a bush o' broom,—  
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

5.

But now the bird saw some red coats,  
An' he shook his wings wi' anger,  
"Oh, this is no a land for me,  
I'll tarry here nae langer!"  
He hover'd on the wing a while,  
Ere he departed fairly,  
But weel I mind the fareweel strain  
Was, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

## AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE

Andante espressivo

The musical score is written in 6/8 time and consists of a piano introduction followed by a vocal melody with piano accompaniment. The piano introduction is marked *mf* and includes dynamics *cresc.*, *f dim.*, and *pp*. The vocal melody begins with a *p* dynamic. The piano accompaniment features block chords and moving lines in both hands, with a *p* dynamic marking. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

*mf* *cresc.* *f dim.* *pp*

*p*

1. And ye shall walk.... in silk.... at - tire,... And

*p*

sil - ler hae.... to spare,..... Gin' ye'll.... con-sent... to be..... his bride,... Nor...

think o' Don - ald.. mair. Oh! wha would buy... a silk - en.. gown Wi' a

*mf* *sf* *p*

puir..... brok - en heart?..... Or what's to... me.... a sil - ler crown, Gin'

frae my love..... I..... part?

*colla parte*

*cresc.* *pp* *rall.*

1. 2. 3.

2.

The mind whase ev'ry wish is pure,  
 Far dearer is to me;  
 And ere I'm forced to break my faith  
 I'll lay me down and dee;  
 For I hae pledg'd my virgin troth,  
 Brave Donald's fate to share,  
 And he has gi'en to me his heart  
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.

3.

His gentle manners won my heart,  
 He gratefu' took the gift;  
 Could I but think to seek it back,  
 It wad be waur than theft.  
 For langest life can ne'er repay  
 The love he bears to me;  
 And ere I'm forc'd to break my troth;  
 I'll lay me down and dee.



# BLYTHE, BLYTHE, AND MERRY ARE WE.

Con spirito

Blythe, Blythe, and mer-ry are we, Blythe are we, ane and a';

Can - ty days we've af - ten seen, A nicht like this we nev - er saw!

1. The gloamin' saw us a' sit down, And meikle mirth has been our fa'; Then

let the toast and sang gae roun' Till chan - ti - cleer be - gins to crawl!

Blythe, blythe, and mer-ry are we, Pick and wale o' mer-ry men; What  
care we tho' the cock may crow, We're mas - ters o' the tap-pit - hen!

*f* *rf* *f* *D.S.*

The succeeding verses begin at §

2.

The auld kirk bell has chappit twal—  
Wha cares though she had chappit twa!  
We're licht o' heart and winna part,  
Though time and tide may rin awa!  
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we—  
Hearts that care can never ding;  
Then let Time pass—we'll steal his glass,  
And pu' a feather frae his wing!

3.

Now is the witchin' time o' nicht,  
When ghaists, they say, are to be seen;  
And fays dance to the glow-worm's licht  
Wi' fairies in their gowns o' green.  
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we—  
Ghaists may tak' their midnight stroll;  
Witches ride on brooms astride,  
While we sit by the witchin' bowl!

4.

Tut! never speir how wears the morn—  
The moon's still blinkin i' the sky,  
And, gif like her we fill our horn,  
I dinna doubt we'll drink it dry!  
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we—  
Blythe out-owre the barley bree;  
And let me tell, the moon hersel'  
Aft dips her toom horn i' the sea!

5.

Then fill us up a social cup,  
And never mind the dapple-dawn;  
Just sit awhile, the sun may smile,  
And syne we'll see the gait we're gaun!  
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we;—  
See! the sun is keekin' ben;  
Gi'e Time his glass—for months may pass  
Ere sic a nicht we see again!

## LOGIE O' BUCHAN

Andante

*p* *rit.*

1. O..... Lo - gie o' Buch - an, O

Lo - gie the Laird, They ha'e ta'en a - wa' Ja - mie, that delv'd in the

yard. Wha... play'd on the pipe, and the vi - ol sae sma', They ha'e

*p* *p*



ta'en a - wa' Ja - mie, the flow'r o' them a', He said,

"Think na lang, las - sie, tho' I gang a - wa', For... I'll come and

see ye, in spite o' them a'!"

2.

Though Sandy has owsen, has gear, and has kye,  
 A house and a hadden, and siller forbye;  
 Yet I'd tak' my ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,  
 Before I'd hae Sandy wi' houses and land.

Saying, "Think nae lang, lassie, &c."

3.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,  
 They frown upon Jamie because he is poor;  
 Though I lo'e them as weel as a daughter should do,  
 They're no half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.

Saying, "Think nae lang, lassie, &c."

4.

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,  
 And think on the laddie that lo'es me sae weel;  
 He had but ae saxpence, he brak' it in twa'.  
 And gied me the half o't when he gaed awa'.

Saying, "Think nae lang, lassie, &c."



## THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE

Moderato ed animato

1. And are ye sure the

news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is this a time to think o' wark? Ye

jauds, fling by your wheel! Is this a time to think o' wark When Co - lin's at the

door? Rax me my cloak, I'll to the quay And see him come a - shore. For there's

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is 'Moderato ed animato'. The score consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and chords in the treble. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *f* (forte). The lyrics are in Scottish Gaelic and English, with the English translation provided below the Gaelic text.

nae luck a - boot the house, There's nae luck at a', There's lit-tle plea-sure

in the house, When oor gudeman's a - wa'.

2.

And gie to me my bigonet,  
 My bishop-satin gown;  
 For I maun tell the bailie's wife  
 That Colin's come to town:  
 My Turkey-slippers maun gae on,  
 My hose o' pearl blue;  
 'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,  
 For he's baith leal and true.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

3.

Rise up and make a clean fireside,  
 Put on the muckle pot;  
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,  
 And Jock his Sunday coat;  
 And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,  
 Their hose as white as snaw;  
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,  
 For he's been lang awa'.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

4.

There's twa fat hins upon the bank,  
 They've fed this month and mair,  
 Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,  
 That Colin weel may fare:  
 And spread the table neat and clean,  
 Gar ilka thing look braw;  
 For wha can tell how Colin fared,  
 When he was far awa'.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

5.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,  
 His breath like caller air!  
 His very foot has music in't  
 When he comes up the stair:  
 And will I see his face again?  
 And will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
 In troth, I'm like to greet.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

6.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,  
 That thirled thro' my heart,  
 They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,  
 Till death we'll never part:  
 But what puts parting in my head,  
 It may be far awa';  
 The present moment is our ain,  
 The neist we never saw!  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

7.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,  
 I hae nae mair to crave;  
 Could I but live to mak' him blest,  
 I'm blest aboon the lave.  
 And will I see his face again?  
 And will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
 In troth, I'm like to greet.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

## TULLOCHGORUM

Non troppo presto, ma spiritoso

1. Come gie's a sang, Montgom - ery cried, And

*sempre stacc.*

lay your disputes a' a-side; What sig - nifies't for folks to chide For what was done before them. Let

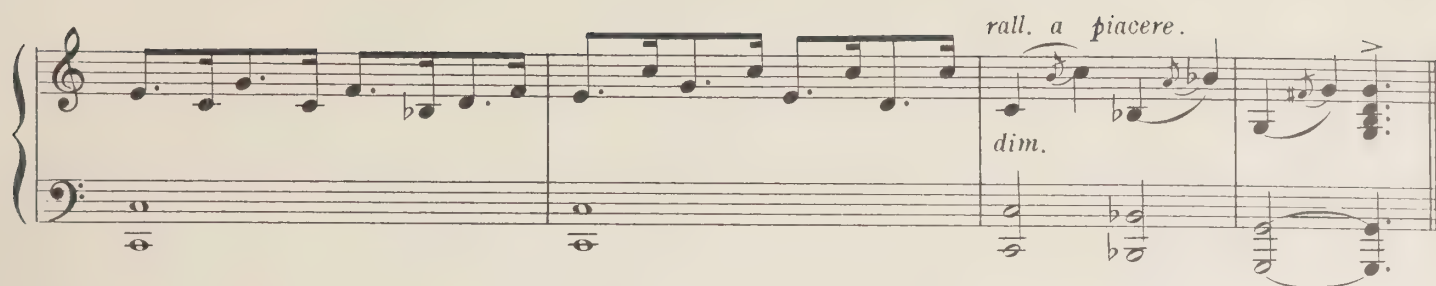
Whig and To - ry a' a-gree, Whig and To-ry, Whig and To-ry, Whig and To - ry a' agree, To

drop their Whigmigmorum; Let Whig and To-ry a' a-gree To spend the night in mirth and glee, And

cheer - fu' sing a - lang wi' me, The reel o' Tul - loch - go - rum.

*f*





## 2.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,  
 It gars us a' in ane unite,  
 And ony sumph that keeps up spite,  
     In conscience, I abhor him;  
 For blythe and merry we'll be a',  
     Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,  
     Blythe and merry we'll be a',  
     And make a happy quorum.  
 For blythe and merry we'll be a',  
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,  
 And dance till we be like to fa',  
     The reel o' Tullochgorum.

## 3.

What needs there be sae great a fraise,  
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays?  
 I wadna gie our ain strathspeys  
     For half a hunder score o' them.  
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,  
     Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,  
     Dowf and dowie at the best,  
     Wi' a' their variorum.  
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,  
 Their *allegros*, and a' the rest,  
 They canna please a Highland taste,  
     Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

## 5

But for the silly fawning fool,  
 Who loves to be oppression's tool,  
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,  
     And discontent devour him!  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
     Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,  
     Dool and sorrow be his chance,  
     And nane say, "Wae's me, for him."  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 And a' the ills that come frae France,  
 Wha e'er he be that winna dance  
     The reel o' Tullochgorum.

## 4.

Let warldly worms their minds oppress  
 Wi' fears o' want and double cess,  
 And sullen sots themselves distress  
     Wi' keeping up decorum.  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit?  
     Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,  
     Sour and sulky shall we sit,  
     Like auld Philosophorum?  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,  
 Nor ever rise to shake a fit  
     To the reel o' Tullochgorum?

## 5.

May choicest blessings aye attend  
 Each honest open-hearted friend,  
 And calm and quiet be his end,  
     And a' that's gude watch o'er him.  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
     Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,  
     Peace and plenty be his lot,  
     And dainties a great store o' them.  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Unstain'd by any vicious spot,  
 And may he never want a groat,  
     That's fond o' Tullochgorum!



# SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'?

Moderato a piacere

1. Saw ye Johnnie com-in'? quo' she,

Saw ye Johnnie comin' ? Saw ye Johnnie comin'? quo' she, Saw ye Johnnie comin' ? Wi'

his blue bon-net on his head, And his dog-gie rin-nin',..... Wi'

his blue bon-net on his head, And his dog-gie rin-nin'? quo' she,

And his dog-gie rin-nin'?....

*dim.* *p* *D.S.*

## 2.

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
 Fee him, father, fee him;  
 Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
 Fee him, father, fee him;  
 For he is a gallant lad,  
 And a weel-doin';  
 And a'the wark about the house,  
 Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,  
 Wi' me when I see him.

## 3.

What will I do wi' him, quo' he,  
 What will I do wi' him?  
 He's ne'er a sark upon his back,—  
 And I ha'e nane to gi'e him.  
 I hae twa sarks into my kist,  
 And ane o' them I'll gi'e him,  
 And for a merk o' mair fee  
 Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,  
 Dinna stand wi' him.

## 4.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,  
 Weel do I lo'e him;  
 For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,  
 Weel do I lo'e him.  
 O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
 Fee him, father, fee him;  
 He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the barn,  
 And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,  
 And crack wi' me at e'en.

## O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

Moderato



1. Com-in' thro' the craigs o' Kyle, A-mang the bon-nie bloom-in' heather,

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and a piano accompaniment in the left hand. The melody is in B-flat major and 2/4 time, with a tempo of 'Moderato'. The piano accompaniment provides a steady bass line with some harmonic support. The lyrics are '1. Com-in' thro' the craigs o' Kyle, A-mang the bon-nie bloom-in' heather,'.

There I met a bon-nie las-sie Keep-ing a' her yowes the-gith-er.

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The melody is in B-flat major and 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line. The lyrics are 'There I met a bon-nie las-sie Keep-ing a' her yowes the-gith-er.'.

O'er the muir a-mang the heather, O'er the muir a-mang the heather,

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The melody is in B-flat major and 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line. The lyrics are 'O'er the muir a-mang the heather, O'er the muir a-mang the heather,'.

There I met a bon-nie las-sie, Keep-ing a'.....her yowes the-gith-er.

*p* *pp*

2.

Says I, My dear, whare is thy hame?  
 In muir or dale, pray tell me whether?  
 She says, I tent these fleecy flocks  
 That feed amang the bloomin' heather.  
 O'er the muir amang the heather,  
 O'er the muir amang the heather;  
 She says, I tent these fleecy flocks  
 That feed amang the bloomin' heather.

3.

We laid us down upon a bank,  
 Sae warm and sunny was the weather;  
 She left her flocks at large to rove  
 Amang the bonnie bloomin' heather.  
 O'er the muir amang the heather,  
 O'er the muir amang the heather;  
 She left her flocks at large to rove  
 Amang the bonnie bloomin' heather.

4.

While thus we lay she sang a sang,  
 Till echo rang a mile and farther;  
 And aye the burden o'the sang  
 Was, O'er the muir amang the heather.  
 O'er the muir amang the heather,  
 O'er the muir amang the heather;  
 And aye the burden o'the sang  
 Was, O'er the muir amang the heather.

5.

She charmd my heart, and aye sinsyne  
 I couldna think on ony ither:  
 By sea and sky! she shall be mine!  
 The bonnie lass amang the heather.  
 O'er the muir amang the heather,  
 O'er the muir amang the heather;  
 By sea and sky! she shall be mine!  
 The bonnie lass amang the heather.



## CASTLES IN THE AIR

Feelingly

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). It features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a light, airy melody. The left hand, in bass clef, provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

1. The bon-nie, bonnie bairn, Wha sits pokin' in the ase, Glowrin' in the fire... wi' his

The first system of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line continues the melody from the introduction. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

wee..... round face; Laughin' at the fuf-fin' lowe, what sees he there?

The second system continues the song. The vocal line has a long note on 'wee' followed by a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment maintains its harmonic support with chords and a steady bass line.

Ha! the young dreamer's biggin' cas-tles in the air. His... wee chubby face, and his

The third system concludes the song. The vocal line ends with a final note on 'His...'. The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic setting for the piece.

tou - zie cur-ly pow, Are laugh-in' and nod-din' to the dancin' lowe; He'll...

brown his ro-sy cheeks, and... singe his sun-ny hair, Glow'r-in' at the imps wi' their

cas - tles in the air.

## 2.

He sees muckle castles tow'r-in' to the moon:  
 He sees little sodgers pu'in' them a' down!  
 Worlds whomblin' up and down, bleezin' wi' a flare, —  
 See how he louns! as they glimmer in the air.  
 For a'sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken?  
 He's thinkin' upon naething, like many mighty men;  
 A wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing mak's us stare, —  
 There are mair folk than him biggin' castles in the air.

## 3.

Sic a night in winter may weel mak' him cauld:  
 His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak' him auld;  
 His brow is brent sae braid, O, pray that Daddy Care,  
 Would let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air!  
 He'll glower at the fire! and he'll keek at the light!  
 But mony sparklin' stars are swallow'd up by night;  
 Aulder een than his are glamour'd by a glare,  
 Hearts are broken, heads are turn'd wi' castles in the air.

# I WONDER WHA'LL BE MY MAN!

Moderato

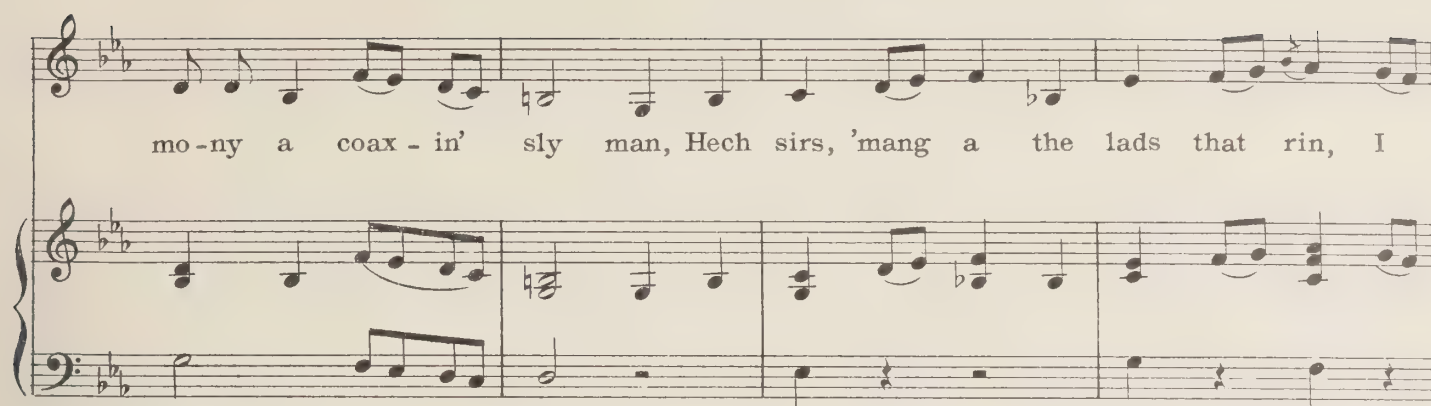
1. A' kinds... o'... lads an'...

men I see, The... young - est... an'... the... auld - est, The

fair... the... dark, the... big, the wee, The... blat - est... an' the

bauld - est. An' mo - ny a... laugh - in', can - ty... ane, An'...

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a single melodic line for the voice and a piano accompaniment consisting of a right-hand treble staff and a left-hand bass staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The lyrics are written below the voice staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The score is divided into four systems, each containing a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes various musical notations such as chords, arpeggios, and rests.



## 2.

I wonder whaur he is the noo,  
 I wonder gin he's near me,  
 An' whaur we'll meet at first an' hoo,  
 An' when he'll come to speer me.  
 I wonder gin he kens the braes,  
 The bonnie braes whaur I ran,  
 Wa'st there he leev'd his laddie days?  
 I wonder wha'll be my man!

## 3.

O gude sake! how I wish to ken  
 The man that I'm to marry,  
 The ane amang so many men,  
 I wish I kent a fairy;  
 Or ony body that can see  
 A farer gate than I can,  
 I wonder wha the chiefl's to be,  
 I wonder wha'll be my man!

## 4.

But losh na! only hear to me,  
 It's neither wise nor bonnie,  
 In askin' wha the lad may be,  
 I'll maybe ne'er get ony.  
 But if for me indeed there's ane,  
 I think he's but a shy man,  
 To keep me crying late and soon,  
 I wonder wha'll be my man!



## MAGGIE LAUDER

Animato

Piano introduction in B-flat major, 2/4 time. The music is marked *Animato*. It features a lively melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *ff* (fortissimo). The introduction concludes with a final chord in the right hand.

1. Wha wad - na be in love Wi' bon - nie Mag - gie Lau - der? A

The first vocal line is in B-flat major, 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is simple and catchy, with a final note on a whole rest. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

pi - per met her gaun to Fife, And speird' what wast' they ca'd her? Right

The second vocal line continues the melody in B-flat major, 2/4 time. It features a similar rhythmic pattern to the first line, with a final note on a whole rest. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first line.

scorn - ful-ly she an - swerd' him; "Be - gone, ye hal - lan - shak - er! Jog

The third vocal line concludes the piece in B-flat major, 2/4 time. It features a final note on a whole rest. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand, marked *f* (forte).

on your gate ye blad - der - skate, My name is Mag - gie Lau - der!"

For the first 4 Verses D.S. For the last Verse

## 2.

Maggie, quo' he, and by my bags,  
 I'm fidgin' fain to see thee;  
 Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,  
 In troth I winna steer thee:  
 For I'm a piper to my trade,  
 My name is Rob the Ranter;  
 The lasses loup as they were daft,  
 When I blaw up my chanter.

## 3.

Piper, quo' Meg, ha'e ye your bags?  
 Or is your drone in order?  
 If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,  
 Live ye upon the Border?  
 The lasses a', baith far and near,  
 Have heard o' Rob the Ranter;  
 I'll shake my foot wi' right gude will,  
 Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

## 4.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,  
 About the drone he twisted;  
 Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,  
 For brawly could she frisk it.  
 Weel done! quo' he—play up! quo' she;  
 Weel bobb'd! quo' Rob the Ranter;  
 'Tis worth my while to play indeed,  
 When I ha'e sic a dancer.

## 5.

Weel ha'e you play'd your part, quo' Meg,  
 Your cheeks are like the crimson;  
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,  
 Since we lost Habbie Simson.  
 I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,  
 These ten years and a quarter;  
 Gin ye should come to Anster fair,  
 Speir ye for Maggie Lauder.

## FAREWELL TO LOCHABER

Andante mesto

1. Fare - well to Loch -

a - ber, fare - well to my... Jean, Where heart-some wi' her..... I hae mo-ny day..

been; For Loch-a-ber no... more,... Loch-a-ber no... more,... We'll... may - be... re -

turn to.... Loch - a - ber no... more. These tears... that I shed... they are...

*colla voce*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante mesto'. The score consists of five systems of music. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal melody with lyrics. The third system continues the vocal melody with lyrics. The fourth system continues the vocal melody with lyrics. The fifth system concludes the piece with a piano accompaniment marked 'colla voce'.

all for my dear, And no.... for the dan-gers at - tend-ing on... weir; Tho'

borne on rough seas to a... far-dis - tant... shore, May - be to re - turn to Loch-

a - ber no..... more.

*D.S.*

*p*

*D.S.*

## 2.

Though hurricanes rise, though rise every wind,  
 No tempest can equal the storm in my mind;  
 Though loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,  
 There's naething like leavin' my love on the shore.  
 To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;  
 But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;  
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;  
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

## 3.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse;  
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?  
 Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee;  
 And losing thy favour I'd better not be.  
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame;  
 And if I should chance to come glorious hame,  
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.



# WHEN THE KING COMES OWRE THE WATER

With spirit

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment.

**System 1:** The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics "1. I..... may sit in my". The piano accompaniment starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic, then softens to piano (*p*) with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking.

**System 2:** The vocal line continues with the lyrics "wee.... croo - house, At the rock and the reel to.... toil fu' drear - y;". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar dynamic range.

**System 3:** The vocal line begins with the lyrics "I may think on the day... that's gane, And sigh and sab till.. I grow wea - ry.". The piano accompaniment starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. Above the vocal line, the text "2d Verse *f*" and "a little slower" are written.

**System 4:** The vocal line continues with the lyrics "I ne'er could brook, I ne'er could brook, A foreign loon to own. or... flatter, But". The piano accompaniment begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic, then crescendos to forte (*f*) and ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

*mf* *ff* *a little slower*

I..... will sing a.... rantin'... sang The day our... king comes owre the wa-ter.

*p* *cresc.* *mf* *ff*

*Concluding Symphony*

*f* *ff* *rit.* *ff*

2.

O gin I live to see the day  
 That I ha'e begg'd, and begg'd frae heaven;  
 I'll fling my rock and my reel away,  
 And dance and sing frae morn till even.  
 For there is ane I winna name  
 That comes the reigning byke to scatter,  
 And I'll put on my bridal gown  
 The day our king comes owre the water.

3.

I ha'e seen the gude auld day,  
 The day o' pride and chieftain's glory,  
 When royal Stuarts bore the sway,  
 And ne'er heard tell o' Whig nor Tory.  
 Though lyart be my locks and grey,  
 And eild has crook'd me down—what matter!  
 I'll dance and sing ae other day,  
 That day the king comes owre the water.

4.

A curse on dull and drawling Whig,  
 The whining, rantin', low deceiver,  
 Wi' heart sae black, and look sae big,  
 And cantin' tongue o' clishmaclaver!  
 My father was a gude lord's son,  
 My mother was an earl's daughter,  
 And I'll be Lady Keith again  
 The day our king comes owre the water.

## O, WAE BE TO THE ORDERS

Andante con espressione

1. O wae be to the

or - ders that march'd my love a - wa', And wae be to the cruel... cause that

gars my tears down fa'; O wae be to the bluidy wars in hie.... Ger-man-

ie, For they hae ta'en my luv and left a brok-en heart to me. The

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The tempo is 'Andante con espressione'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is common time (C). The score consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are in Scots Gaelic and English.



*mf*  
drums beat in the morn - in' a - fore the schriech o' day, And the wee, wee pipes played

*mf*  
loud and shrill while yet the morn was gray; The bon-nie flags were a' un-furld, a

*mf* *p*  
gal-lant sight to see, But wae's me for the sod-ger lad they march'd to Ger-man-

*mf* *f* *p* *mf* *colla voce*  
ie.

*f* *mf* *p* *pp*

## 2.

O lang, lang is the travel to the bonnie pier o' Leith,  
 O driech it is to gang on foot wi' the snaw drift in the teeth;  
 And O the cauld wind froze the tear that gathered in my e'e,  
 When I gaed there to see my luvie embark for Germanie.  
 I looked owre the braid blue sea, sae lang as could be seen,  
 A wee bit sail upon the ship that my sodger lad was in;  
 But the wind was blawin' sair and snell, and the ship sailed speedilie,  
 And waves and cruel wars hae twinned my winsome luvie frae me.



## KELVIN GROVE

Andante pastorale

*p legato*

1. Let us haste to Kel - vin grove, ... bon - nie las - sie, O, Thro' its

*p*

ma-zes let us rove, bonnie las-sie, O, Where the ros-es in their pride, Deck the

*p*

bon - nie din - gle side, Where the mid - night fai-ries glide, ... bon - nie

Detailed description: The musical score is for a piece titled 'Kelvin Grove'. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'Andante pastorale' and 'p legato'. The introduction consists of two staves of piano accompaniment. The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: '1. Let us haste to Kel - vin grove, ... bon - nie las - sie, O, Thro' its'. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment with the lyrics: 'ma-zes let us rove, bonnie las-sie, O, Where the ros-es in their pride, Deck the'. The third system concludes the piece with the lyrics: 'bon - nie din - gle side, Where the mid - night fai-ries glide, ... bon - nie'. The piano accompaniment includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'p legato'.

las - sie, O.

*mf* *p* *D.S.*

The musical score is for a song in G major (one sharp). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'las - sie, O.' and ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass. It includes dynamic markings *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano), and a *D.S.* (Da Capo) instruction at the end. The piano part has a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with some arpeggiated figures.

2.

Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O,  
 To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O,  
     Where the glens rebound the call  
     Of the roaring waters' fall,  
 Through the mountains' rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

3.

O Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie lassie, O,  
 When the summer we are there, bonnie lassie, O,  
     There the May-pink's crimson plume  
     Throws a soft but sweet perfume  
 Round the yellow banks o' broom, bonnie lassie, O.

4.

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O,  
 As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O,  
     Yet with fortune on my side,  
     I could stay thy father's pride,  
 And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O.

5.

But the frowns of fortune lour, bonnie lassie, O,  
 On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O,  
     Ere yon golden orb of day  
     Wake the warblers on the spray,  
 From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.

6.

Then farewell to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O,  
 And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O,  
     To the river winding clear,  
     To the fragrant scented brier,  
 Ev'n to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

7.

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,  
     Then Helen, shouldst thou hear  
     Of thy lover on his bier,  
 To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O!

# WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER ?

*Con spirito*

1. What's a' the steer, kimmer?

What's a' the steer? Char - lie he is land - ed, An'

haith, he'll soon be here; The win' was at his back, Carle, The

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The tempo/mood is marked 'Con spirito'. The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first line of the song. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment for the second line. The third system continues for the third line. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *f* and *fz* (forzando). The vocal part includes lyrics that are partially cut off at the end of the page.

win' was at his back, I care - na, sin' he's come, Carle, We

were na worth a plack.

2.

I'm right glad to hear't, kimmer,

I'm right glad to heart';

I ha'e a gude braid claymore,

And for his sake I'll wear't.

3.

Sin' Charlie he is landed,

We ha'e nae mair to fear;

Sin' Charlie he is come, kimmer,

We'll ha'e a jub'lee year.



## DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

*Andante con moto*

*mf*

1. When.. trees.... did.. bud and

*Gay and tenderly*

fields were green, And broom... bloomed fair.... to..... see,..... When

*rall.*

Ma - ry was com - plete fif - teen, And love..... laughed in..... her...

*colla voce*

e'e;..... Blythe Da - vie's blink her heart.... did... move To

*rit.* speak... her... mind sae..... free..... *pp a tempo* Gang down the burn, Dav - ie lad,

Down the burn, Day - ie lad, Down the burn, Dav - ie lad, And I will follow thee.

*mf* Down the burn, Dav - ie lad, *cresc.* Down the burn, Davie lad, *f rit.* Gang down the burn, Dav - ie lad, And

I will fol - low thee.

*f*

## 2.

Now Davie did each lad surpass  
 That dwelt on yon burnside;  
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,  
 Just meet to be a bride.  
 Thus Davie's blink her heart did move  
 To speak her mind sae free.  
 Gang down the burn, Davie lad, &c.

## MARY OF ARGYLE

Moderato



1. I have heard the ma - vis sing - ing His

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

love - song to the morn, I have seen the dew - drop cling - ing To the

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

rose just new - ly born; But a sweet - er song hath cheer'd me At the

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes a crescendo marking (*cresc.*) and a final chord.



The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system includes tempo markings: *rit.* (ritardando) for the first half and *a tempo* for the second half. The third system continues the melody with some trills. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final cadence. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time (C).

eve - nings gen - tle close, And I've seen an eye still brighter Than the

dew - drop on the rose; 'Twas thy voice, my gen - tle Ma - ry, And thine

art - less, win - ning smile, That.... made this world an E - den, Bon - ny

Ma - ry of..... Argyle!

## 2.

Though thy voice may lose its sweetness,  
 And thine eye its brightness too;  
 Though thy step may lack its fleetness,  
 And thy hair its sunny hue:  
 Still to me wilt thou be dearer  
 Than all the world can own;  
 I have lov'd thee for thy beauty,  
 But not for that alone:  
 I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary,  
 And its goodness was the wile,  
 That has made thee mine for ever,  
 Bonny Mary of Argyle!



# I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE

Boldly



if con - fu - sion have a part, Which vir - tu - ous souls ab - hor, I'll

call a sy - nod in..... my heart, And nev - er love thee more.....

2.

As Alexander I will reign,  
 And I will reign alone;  
 My thoughts did evermore disdain  
 A rival on my throne.  
 He either fears his fate too much,  
 Or his deserts are small,  
 Who dares not put it to the touch,  
 To gain or lose it all.

3.

But I must rule and govern still,  
 And always give the law;  
 And have each subject at my will,  
 And all to stand in awe.  
 But 'gainst my batteries if I find  
 Thou storm and vex me sore,  
 As if thou set me as a blind,  
 I'll never love thee more.

4.

Or in the empire of thy heart  
 Where I should solely be,  
 Another do pretend a part,  
 And dare to vie with me.  
 Or if committees thou erect  
 And go on such a score,  
 I'll smiling mock at thy neglect  
 And never love thee more.

5.

But if no faithless action stain  
 Thy love and constant word,  
 I'll make thee famous by my pen,  
 And glorious by my sword!  
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways,  
 As ne'er was known before;  
 I'll crown and deck thy head with bays,  
 And love thee more and more!

# THE STANDARD ON THE BRAES O' MAR

Con spirito



*mf* 1. The stand - ard on the Braes o' Mar, Is up and stream-in' rare - ly; The *f*

The first system of the song. The vocal melody (treble clef) starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and ends with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment (bass clef) is in a supporting role with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "1. The stand - ard on the Braes o' Mar, Is up and stream-in' rare - ly; The".

gath' - rin' pipe on Loch - na gar, Is sound - in' loud and clear - ly. The *mf*

The second system of the song. The vocal melody (treble clef) continues with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment (bass clef) continues with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "gath' - rin' pipe on Loch - na gar, Is sound - in' loud and clear - ly. The".

High-land men Frae hill and glen, In mar - tial hue, Wi' bon - nets blue, Wi' *f*

The third system of the song. The vocal melody (treble clef) continues with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment (bass clef) continues with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "High-land men Frae hill and glen, In mar - tial hue, Wi' bon - nets blue, Wi'".

*ff rall.*

belt - ed plaids And bur-nished blades, Are com-in' late and ear - ly.

*f* *ff rall.* *mf a tempo*

*rall.*

## 2.

Wha wadna join our noble cheif,  
 The Drummond and Glengarry,  
 Macgregor, Murray, Rollo, Keith,  
 Panmure and gallant Harry?  
 Macdonald's men,  
 Clan-Ranald's men,  
 Mackenzie's men,  
 Macgillavry's men,  
 Strathallan's men,  
 The Lowlan' men,  
 O' Callander and Airly.

## 3.

Fy! Donald up and let's awa',  
 We canna langer parley;  
 When Jamie's back is at the wa',  
 The lad we lo'e sae dearly.  
 We'll go, we'll go  
 And meet the foe,  
 And fling the plaid,  
 And swing the blade,  
 And forward dash,  
 And hack and smash,  
 And fley the German Lairdie!



## SCOTLAND YET

*Allegro con Spirito*

1. Gae bring my guid auld harp ance mair. Gae bring it free and

The first line of the vocal melody is set against a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B-flat4, and C5. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

fast. For I maun sing an - ith - er sang, Ere a' my glee be

The second line of the vocal melody continues the previous line. It starts with a half note D5, followed by eighth notes C5, B-flat4, and A4. The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support.

past. An' trow, ye as I sing, my lads, The bur - den o't shall

The third line of the vocal melody begins with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B-flat4, and C5. The piano accompaniment concludes the phrase with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained note in the left hand.

be, Auld Scot - land's howes, and Scot - land's knowes, And Scot - land's hills for

me! I'll drink a cup to Scot - land yet, Wi' *ad lib.*

a' the hon - ours three.

## 2.

The heath waves wild upon her hills,  
 And foaming frae the fells,  
 Her fountains sing of freedom still,  
 As they dash down the dells;  
 And weel I lo'e the land my lads,  
 That's girded by the sea;  
 Then Scotland's vales and Scotland's dales,  
 And Scotland's hills for me;  
 I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,  
 Wi' a' the honours three.

## 3.

The thistle wags upon the fields,  
 There Wallace bore his blade,  
 That gave her foemen's dearest bluid,  
 To dye her auld grey plaid;  
 And looking to the lift, my lads,  
 He sang this doughty glee:  
 "Auld Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,  
 And Scotland's hills for me!"  
 I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,  
 Wi' a' the honours three.

## THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN

With spirit

*p* *mf* *f*

1. There's ma - ny a man of the

Cam - er - on clan, That has fol - lowed his Chief to the field;..... He has

sworn to sup - port him or die by his side, For a Cam - er - on nev - er can

yield..... I... hear the Pibroch sound - ing, Sound - ing deep o'er the mountain and

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked 'With spirit'. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with dynamics *p*, *mf*, and *f*. The vocal part enters with the lyrics '1. There's ma - ny a man of the'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the left hand, and chords in the right hand. The lyrics continue: 'Cam - er - on clan, That has fol - lowed his Chief to the field;..... He has sworn to sup - port him or die by his side, For a Cam - er - on nev - er can yield..... I... hear the Pibroch sound - ing, Sound - ing deep o'er the mountain and'. The score ends with a final piano chord.

glen,..... While light - springing foot - steps are tramp - ling the heath, 'Tis the

march of the Cam - er - on men. 'Tis the march, 'Tis the

march, 'Tis the march of the Cam - er - on men!.....

D.S. al Fine

## 2.

Oh, proudly they walk, but each Cameron knows  
 He may tread on the heather no more;  
 But boldly he follows his Chief to the field,  
 Where his laurels were gathered before.  
 I hear the Pibroch, &c.

## 3.

The moon has arisen, it shines on that path,  
 Now trod by the gallant and true;  
 High, high are their hopes, for their Chieftain has said,  
 "That whatever mendare, they can do."  
 I hear the Pibroch, &c.



## JESSIE'S DREAM

Moderato

The first system of music features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a whole rest for four measures, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a whole rest for four measures, followed by a half note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note B3. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) and a tempo marking of *dim. e rall.* (diminuendo e rallentando).

The second system of music features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a whole rest for four measures, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a whole rest for four measures, followed by a half note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note B3. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *pp* (pianissimo).

1. Far a-wa' to bon-nie Scot-land has my spi-rit ta'en its flight,

The third system of music features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a whole rest for four measures, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a whole rest for four measures, followed by a half note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note B3. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *pp* (pianissimo).

An' I saw my mith-er, spin-nin' in our Highland hame at night; I

saw the kye a brows - ing,..... my fa - ther at the plough, And the

grand auld hills a - boon them a', wad I could see them now! Oh!

led - dy, while up - on your knees ye held my sleep - in' head,..... I

saw the lit - tle kirk at hame where Tam and I were wed; I

*animato*

heard the tune the pi - pers play'd, I kenn'd its rise and fa', 'Twas the

*f*

wild Mac-gre - gor's slo - gan 'Tis the grand - est o' them a'.

*f* *pp*

*1st. time.*

Distant March of Highlanders

*Very soft*

*D.S.*

2. Hark!

*pp*

## 2.

Hark! surely I'm no wildly dreamin' for I hear it plainly now,  
 Ye cannot, ye never heard it on the far-off mountain's brow;  
 For in your southern childhood, ye were nourish'd soft and warm,  
 Nor watch'd upon the cauld hillside the risin' o' the storm—  
 Ay! now the soldiers hear it, an' answer with a cheer,  
 As, "The Campbells are a-comin'," falls on each anxious ear.  
 The cannons roar'd their thunder, and the sappers work in vain,  
 For high aboon the din o' war resounds the welcome strain.

*2nd time*

*strain.* *Advance of the Highlanders* *3. An'*

*pp* *dim. e* *rall. pp*

## 3.

An' nearer still, an' nearer still, an' now again 'tis "Auld Lang Syne";  
 Its kindly notes like life-bluid rin, rin through this puir, sad heart o' mine;  
 Oh! leddy, dinna swoon awa! look up! the evil's past,  
 They're comin' now to dee wi' us, or save us at the last.  
 Then let us humbly, thankfully down on our knees and pray  
 For those who come thro' bluid and fire to rescue us this day.  
 That He may o'er them spread His shield, stretch forth His arm and save,  
 Bold Havelock and his Highlanders, the bravest o' the brave!

*After 3rd Verse*

*brave!*

*f* *cresc.* *f*



## FAIR YOUNG MARY

Rather slow and tenderly



(Ma - ry my fair)

*p*

1. Mhai - ri chan og my ain on - ly dear - ie, My

The first system of the song features a vocal line in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The vocal line begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "1. Mhai - ri chan og my ain on - ly dear - ie, My".

*cresc.*

win - some, my bon - nie wee bride;..... Let : the world gang and

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a crescendo (*cresc.*) marking. The lyrics are: "win - some, my bon - nie wee bride;..... Let : the world gang and".

*rit.* *f*

a' the lave wi' it, Gin ye are but left by my side..... The

The third system concludes the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line features a ritardando (*rit.*) and a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "a' the lave wi' it, Gin ye are but left by my side..... The".

lark to its nest, the stream to the o-ccean, The star to its home in the

west;..... And I to my Ma - ry, and I to my dar - ling, And

I to the ane I lo'e best.

## 2.

Time sall na touch thee, nor trouble come near thee,  
 Thou maunna grow old like the lave;  
 And gin ye gang, Mary, the way o' the weary,  
 I'll follow thee soon to the grave.  
 A glance o' thy e'en wad banish a' sorrow,  
 A smile, and farewell to a' strife;  
 For peace is beside thee, and joy is around thee,  
 And love is the light o' thy life.

## HO-RO, MY NUT-BROWN MAIDEN !

Moderate time

*mf* *rall.*

*f* *boldly*  
1. Ho - ro, my nut-brown maid - en, Hi - ri, my nut-brown maid - en, Ho -

*dim.* *f* *rall.*  
ro,..... ro,..... maid - en, For she's the maid for me!

*mp with expression*  
Her.. eye so mild - ly

*last time only* *f* *rall.* *mp*

beam - ing, Her look so frank and free, In...

wak - ing and in dream - ing, Is ev - er - more with me.

*mf* *rall* *D.S.*

*mf* *rall*

2.

O Mary, mild-eyed Mary,  
 By land or on the sea,  
 Tho' time and tide may vary,  
 My heart beats true to thee.  
 Ho-ro, &c. &c.

3.

In Glasgow or Dunedin  
 Were maidens fair to see,  
 But never a Lowland maiden  
 Could lure mine eyes from thee.  
 Ho-ro, &c. &c.

4.

And when with blossom laden,  
 Bright summer comes again,  
 I'll fetch my nut-brown maiden  
 Down frae the bonnie glen.  
 Ho-ro, &c. &c.



## SOUND THE PIBROCH

Slow and bold

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in D major (three sharps) and common time. The piano part features a descending eighth-note scale in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand, marked *mf*. The introduction concludes with a *rall.* (rallentando) marking.

The vocal melody begins with the instruction "Slow and bold". The lyrics are as follows:

1. Sound the pi - broch loud and high Frae John o' Groats to Isle o' Skye! Let  
 a' the clans their slo - gan cry! And rise and fol - low Char - lie.

The piano accompaniment for the vocal parts consists of chords and single notes, often with a wavy line indicating a tremolo or sustained vibration. The key signature remains D major throughout.

The piece concludes with a "Refrain" section. The lyrics are:

A chin foam,..... foam,..... foam! A chin foam,..... foam,..... foam!

The piano part for the refrain features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with the instruction *(Pronounced)* written above the first measure.



## 2.

And see, a small devoted band,  
 By dark Loch Sheil have ta'en their stand,  
 And proudly vow with heart and hand  
 To fight for royal Charlie.

*Refrain.*

## 3.

Frae ev'ry hill and ev'ry glen  
 Are gathering fast the loyal men;  
 They grasp their dirks and shout again,  
 "Hurrah for royal Charlie!"

*Refrain.*

## 4.

On dark Culloden's field of gore,  
 Hark! hark! they shout, "Claymore! Claymore!"  
 They bravely fight, what can they more?  
 Than die for royal Charlie.

*Refrain.**Gaelic Refrain*

Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham,  
 Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham,  
 Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham,  
 Tha tighin fodham, Eirigh!

*Translation*

I must rise and follow, follow!  
 I must rise and follow, follow!  
 I must rise and follow, follow!  
 Rise and follow Charlie!

*Pronounced as in Song.*

## TURN YE TO ME

*Andante*

*f*

1. The stars are

shin - ing cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly, Ho - ro \*Mhai - ri dhu,

*p*

turn ye..... to me; The sea - mew is moan - ing drear - i - ly,

*p*

drear - i - ly, Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye..... to me.

*rit.*

*p*

*rit.*

\* Mary dear.

*cresc.* Cold is the storm-wind that ruf - fles his breast, But warm are the  
*mp*  
*f* down - y plumes lin - ing his nest; Cold blows the storm,..... there,  
*mp*  
*cresc.*  
*tenderly* Soft falls the snow,.....there, Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye.....to me.  
*rit.*  
*rit.*  
*dim.*

## 2.

The waves are dancing merrily, merrily,  
 Horo Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me;  
 The seabirds are wailing wearily, wearily,  
 Horo Mhairi dhu turn ye to me.  
 Hushed be thy moaning, lone bird of the sea,  
 Thy home on the rocks is a shelter to thee,  
 Thy home is the angry wave,  
 Mine but the lonely grave,  
 Horo Mhairi dhu, turn ye to me.



# THE MACINTOSH'S LAMENT

Adagio moderato

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked *pp* (pianissimo). The introduction features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands. The vocal melody enters in the second system with the lyrics "1. Grief of heart! heart of grief!". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady, somber rhythm. The third system contains the lyrics "Fall - en is the war - rior chief; Fall - en like a", and the fourth system contains "sum - mer leaf, Lies clan Chat - tan's glo - ry!". The score concludes with a final piano accompaniment section.

*pp*

*p*

1. Grief of heart! heart of grief!

*p*

Fall - en is the war - rior chief; Fall - en like a

sum - mer leaf, Lies clan Chat - tan's glo - ry!

*f*

Curs - ed thy breed, thou treach-e - rous steed, That fail - ed the rid - er

*f*

This system contains the first line of the musical score. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef, also starting with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

at his... need; Black thy col - our, black the deed! And

This system contains the second line of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "at his... need; Black thy col - our, black the deed! And". The piano accompaniment features a prominent bass line with a long, low note under "Black" and a crescendo leading to "the deed!".

black thy name in sto - ry!

This system contains the third line of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "black thy name in sto - ry!". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line and chords.

This system contains the fourth line of the musical score. The vocal line is mostly silent, indicated by a long rest. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line and chords, ending with a final cadence.

*p*

2. Bit - ter doom! hap - less bride, New - ly part - ed

*p molto legato*

*p*

from his side, When my true love, strick - en sore,

*p*

Met his death ill - fat - - ed. Wine..... for wed - ding

*p*

feast..... pre - pared, Friends at wake and fun - er - al shared;

Sor - row, sor - row, ev - er - more! The bride must

mourn un - mat - - ed. Curs - ed thy breed, thou

treach - e - rous steed, That fail - ed the rid - er at his... need! Black thy

col - our, black the deed! And black thy name in sto - - ry.





# SONGS OF NAMELESS BARDS.

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Strictly speaking, the larger part of the song literature of Scotland is of nameless authorship. That is to say, the work even of Burns, and certainly that of Ramsay, could not have been what it was save for the legacy of song which had been inherited from long preceding generations. As is pointed out elsewhere, a large proportion of the songs presented here found their inspiration, their subject or their method in ballads of older date. The enduring characteristics of the folk-song of Scotland were conferred on it centuries before Ramsay and Burns came to impress on the vernacular the form which it bears here. The fact that a song bears no name is thus no special testimony to its antiquity though it will be found that of the eleven examples given here at least ten antedate the generation in which Burns wrote—the golden era of Scottish song. They cannot be said to have defied time more successfully than the rest of the collection but it may possibly be claimed for them that they did not admit of improvement.

## THE PIPER O' DUNDEE.

Quickly and with spirit.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in D major, 2/4 time, marked 'Quickly and with spirit.' The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with dynamics *p* and *cresc.* indicated. The vocal part enters with the lyrics '1. The Pi-per cam' to oor toun, to oor... toun, to oor... toun, The'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line and chords. The vocal part continues with 'Pi - per cam' to oor toun, And he played bon-ni - lie. He played a spring the'. The piano part includes a trill in the right hand and a bass line. The vocal part continues with 'Laird to please, A spring brent new frae yont the seas; And then he gae his'. The piano part features a trill in the right hand and a bass line. The score concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

*p* *cresc.*

1. The Pi-per cam' to oor toun, to oor... toun, to oor... toun, The

Pi - per cam' to oor toun, And he played bon-ni - lie. He played a spring the

*più f*

*decresc.* *f*

Laird to please, A spring brent new frae yont the seas; And then he gae his

*p*

bags a squeeze, And played an-ith-er key. And was-na he a ro - guy, A

*legato*

ro - guy, a ro - guy, And was-na he a ro - guy, The Pi - per o' Dun-dee.

*p*

## 2

He played, "The Welcome owre the Main,"  
 And "Yese be fou and I'se be fain,"  
 And "Auld Staurt's back again,"  
 Wi' muckle mirth and glee.  
 He played, "The Kirk," he played, "The Queer,"  
 "The Mulin Dhu" and "Chevalier,"  
 And "Lang away but welcome here!"  
 Sae sweet, sae bonnilie.  
 And wasna, etc.

## 3

It's some gat swords, and some gat nane,  
 And some were dancing mad their lane,  
 And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en,  
 That nicht at Amulrie.  
 There was Tullibardine and Burleigh  
 And Struan, Keith and Ogilvie,  
 And brave Carnegie, wha but he,  
 The Piper o' Dundee!  
 And wasna, etc.



# HAME CAM' OOR GUDEMAN AT E'EN

Moderato

First system of musical notation. The vocal line is in common time (C) with a key signature of two flats (B-flat major). The piano accompaniment is in common time (C) with a key signature of two flats (B-flat major). The piano part begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and chords, with some triplets indicated by a '3' over a group of notes.

Second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the same melody. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern and includes a triplet of eighth notes. The piano part continues with the same rhythmic pattern and includes a triplet of eighth notes.

Third system of musical notation. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "1. Oh hame cam' oor gude - man at e'en, An' hame cam' he; An'". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. The piano part continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

there he saw a sad - dle horse, Whare nae horse should be. "An'

hoo cam' this horse here? An' wha's can it be? An' hoo... cam' this horse here, With-

*cresc.*

*Usually spoken*

oot the leave o' me?" "A horse," quo' she, "Aye, a horse," quo' he. "Ye

auld blin' doit-ed bod-dy, An' blin'-er mat ye be, It's but a bonnie milk coo My

*Usually spoken*

mith-er sent to me!" "A milk coo," quo' he, "Aye, a milk coo," quo' she. "Weel,  
far hae I rid-din, An' muckle hae I seen, But a sad-dle on a milk coo  
Saw I nev - er nane!"

## 2.

Oh, hame cam our gudeman at e'en,  
An' hame cam' he;  
An' there he saw a siller sword,  
Whare nae sword should be;  
An' hoo cam' this sword here?  
An' whase can it be?  
An' hoo cam' the sword here,  
Withoot the leave o' me?  
"A sword," quo' she,  
"Aye, a sword," quo' he.  
"Ye auld blin' doited boddy,  
An' blin'er mat ye be,  
It's but a bonnie parritch stick  
My mither sent to me!"  
"A parritch stick," quo' he,  
"Aye, a parritch stick," quo' she;  
"Weel, far hae I ridden,  
An' muckle hae I seen,  
But a tassel on a parritch stick,  
Saw I never nane!"

## 3.

Oh, hame cam' oor gudeman at e'en,  
 An' hame cam' he;  
 An' there he saw a muckle coat,  
 Whare nae coat should be.  
 "An' hoo cam' the coat here?  
 An' whase can it be?  
 An' hoo cam' the coat here,  
 Withoot the leave o' me?"  
 "A coat," quo' she,  
 "Aye, a coat," quo' he.  
 "Ye auld blin' doited boddy,  
 Blin'er mat you be,  
 It's but a pair o' blankets  
 My mither sent to me!"  
 "Blankets," quo' he,  
 "Aye, blankets," quo' she.  
 "Weel, far hae I ridden,  
 An' muckle hae I seen,  
 But buttons upon blankets  
 Saw I never nane!"

## 4.

Oh, hame cam oor gudeman at e'en,  
 An' hame cam he;  
 He spied a pair o' jack-boots,  
 Whare nae boots should be.  
 "What's this noo, gudewife,  
 What's this I see?  
 An' hoo cam' the boots here,  
 Withoot the leave o' me?"  
 "Boots," quo' she,  
 "Aye, boots," quo' he.  
 "Ye auld blin' doited boddy,  
 An' blin'er mat ye be,  
 It's but a pair o' water stoups  
 The cooper sent to me!"  
 "Water stoups," quo' he,  
 "Aye, water stoups," quo' she.  
 "Weel, far hae I ridden,  
 An' muckle hae I seen,  
 But siller spurs on water stoups  
 Saw I never nane!"

## 5.

Ben the hoose gaed oor gudeman,  
 An', ben gaed he;  
 An' there he saw a muckle man,  
 Whare nae man should be —  
 "An' hoo cam' this man here?  
 An' wha can he be —  
 An' hoo cam' the man here,  
 Withoot the leave o' me?"  
 "A man," quo' she,  
 "Aye, a man," quo' he.  
 "Hooly, hooly, oor gudeman,  
 An' dinna angry be,  
 It's just oor cousin Mc Intosh  
 Come frae the North Countrie!"  
 "Cousin Mc Intosh," quo' he,  
 "Aye, cousin Mc Intosh," quo' she.  
 "Ye'll hae us a' hang'd an' quartered noo,  
 An' that ye'll soon see,  
 Ye're hidin' rebels in the hoose  
 Withoot the leave o' me!"



# THE WOMEN ARE A' GANE WUD

Moderato

1. The wo-men are a' gane wud; O

that he had bidden a - wa'! He's turn'd their heads, the lad, And ru - in will bring on us a'. I

aye was a peaceable man, My wife she did doucely behave; But now, do a' that I can, She's

just as wild as the lave. The wo - men are a' gane wud; O

that he had bid-den a - wa'! He's turn'd..... their heads, the lad, And

ru - in will bring on us a'.

2.

My wife she wears the cockade,  
 Tho she kens it's the thing that I hate;  
 There's ane too prinned on her maid,  
 And baith will tak' their ain gate.  
 The women are, &c.

3.

I've lived a' my days in the strath;  
 Now Tories infest me at hame;  
 And tho' I tak'nae part at a',  
 Baith sides do gie me the blame.  
 The women are, &c.

4.

The wild Highland lads they did pass,  
 The yetts wide open they flee;  
 They ate the very home bare,  
 And ne'er spiered leave o' me.  
 The women are, &c.

5.

The senseless creatures ne'er think  
 What ill the lad will bring back;  
 We'd hae the Pope and the deil,  
 An' a' the rest o' the pack.  
 The women are, &c.

6.

But when the red coats gaed by,  
 D'ye think they'd let them alane?  
 They a' the louder did cry —  
 Prince Charlie will soon get his ain.  
 The women are, &c.

# WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

*Con spirito*

1. The news frae Moi - dart

cam' yes-treen, Will soon gar mo - ny fer - lie. For ships o' war hae

just come in, And land - ed Roy - al Charlie! Come through the heath-er, A -

round him gath-er, Ye're a' the wel-comer ear - ly, A - round him cling wi'

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo/style marking is 'Con spirito'. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings: *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano). The lyrics are in Scottish Gaelic and English. The first system shows the piano introduction with a vocal line starting on the second measure. The subsequent systems contain the main vocal melody with piano accompaniment. The score ends with a final cadence in the piano part.

a' your kin, For wha'll be King but Char - lie? Come through the heather, A-

*ad lib.*  
round him gather, Come Ronald, come Donald, Come a'... thegither, And crown him right-fu',  
*cresc.*

*a tempo*  
law - fu' King, For wha'll be King but Char - lie?  
*p*

2.

The Highland clans wi' sword in hand,  
Frae John o' Groats to Airly,  
Hae to a man declared to stand,  
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.  
Come through the heather, &c.

3.

The Lowland a', baith great an' sma',  
Wi' mony a lord an' laird, hae  
Declared for Scotia's King an' law,  
An' spier ye wha but Charlie?  
Come through the heather, &c.

4.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land,  
But vows baith late an' early,  
To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand,  
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie!  
Come through the heather, &c.

5.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,  
An' be't complete an' early,  
His very name our heart's blood warms,  
To arms for Royal Charlie!  
Come through the heather, &c.



# WHA WADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE ?

*Maestoso*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in D major, 2/4 time, marked *Maestoso*. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic and ends with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking. The voice part enters with the first line of the song, which is repeated twice. The piano accompaniment for the voice parts consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are: "1. Wha wad - na fecht for Charlie? Wha wad - na draw the sword? Wha wad - na up and ral - ly At the roy - al Prince's... word? Think on Sco - tia's an - tient he - roes, Think on for - eign foes repel'd,"

*f* *dim.*

1. Wha wad - na fecht for Charlie? Wha wad - na draw the sword?

Wha wad - na up and ral - ly At the roy - al Prince's... word?

Think on Sco - tia's an - tient he - roes, Think on for - eign foes repel'd,

Think on glo - rious Bruce and Wal - lace, Who the proud u - sur-pers quell'd.

## 2.

Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors!

Rouse, ye heroes of the North!

Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,

'Tis your Prince that leads you forth!

Wha wadna fecht, &c.

## 3.

Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?

Shall we own a foreign sway?

Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,

While a stranger rules the day?

Wha wadna fecht, &c.

## 4.

See the Northern clans advancing!

See Glengarry and Lochiel!

See the brandish'd broadswords glancing!

Highland hearts are true as steel.

Wha wadna fecht, &c.

## 5.

Now our Prince has raised his banner,

Now triumphant is our cause:

Now the Scottish lion rallies,

Let us strike for Prince and laws!

Wha wadna fecht, &c.

## THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMOND

Andante grazioso

Piano introduction in D major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, starting with a half note D4, followed by quarter notes E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, D5. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

1. By..... yon bon-nie banks and by yon bon-nie braes, Where the

The first vocal line is in the right hand of the piano accompaniment. It begins with a half rest, followed by a quarter note D4, then a series of eighth and quarter notes: E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, D5, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4. The piano accompaniment continues with chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond! Where me and my true love were

The second vocal line continues the melody in the right hand. It starts with a half note D4, followed by quarter notes E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, D5, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4. The piano accompaniment continues with chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

ev - er wont to gae, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Lock

The third vocal line continues the melody in the right hand. It starts with a half note D4, followed by quarter notes E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, D5, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4. The piano accompaniment continues with chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

## REFRAIN

*più mosso*

Lo - mond! O, ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road, And

*mf* *più mosso*

I'll be in Scot - land a - fore ye, But me and my true love will

*p*

nev - er meet a - gain, On the bon - nie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lo - mond!

## 2.

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,  
 On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon',  
 Where in purple hue the Hieland hills we view,  
 And the moon coming out in the gloamin'.  
 O, ye'll tak' the high road, &c.

## 3.

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring,  
 And in sunshine the waters are sleepin';  
 But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again,  
 Though the waefu' may cease frae their greetin'.  
 O, ye'll tak' the high road, &c.



# TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE

Moderato

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in 3/4 time, starting with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, F4-E4, D4-C4, B3-A3, G3-F3, E3-D3, C3-B2, A2-G2, F2-E2, D2-C2, B1-A1, G1-F1, E1-D1, C1-B0. The left hand plays a bass line with chords: G2-B1, F1-E1, D1-C1, B0-A0, G0-F0, E0-D0, C0-B0, B0-A0, G0-F0, E0-D0, C0-B0, B0-A0, G0-F0, E0-D0, C0-B0, B0-A0, G0-F0, E0-D0, C0-B0.

*con anima*

The first line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a whole rest, followed by eighth notes G4-A4, B4-A4, G4-F4, E4-D4, C4-B3, A3-G3, F3-E3, D3-C3, B2-A2, G2-F2, E2-D2, C2-B1, A1-G1, F1-E1, D1-C1, B0-A0, G0-F0, E0-D0, C0-B0. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays chords: G4-B4, A4-G4, F4-E4, D4-C4, B3-A3, G3-F3, E3-D3, C3-B2, A2-G2, F2-E2, D2-C2, B1-A1, G1-F1, E1-D1, C1-B0, B0-A0, G0-F0, E0-D0, C0-B0. The left hand plays a bass line with chords: G2-B1, F1-E1, D1-C1, B0-A0, G0-F0, E0-D0, C0-B0, B0-A0, G0-F0, E0-D0, C0-B0, B0-A0, G0-F0, E0-D0, C0-B0, B0-A0, G0-F0, E0-D0, C0-B0.

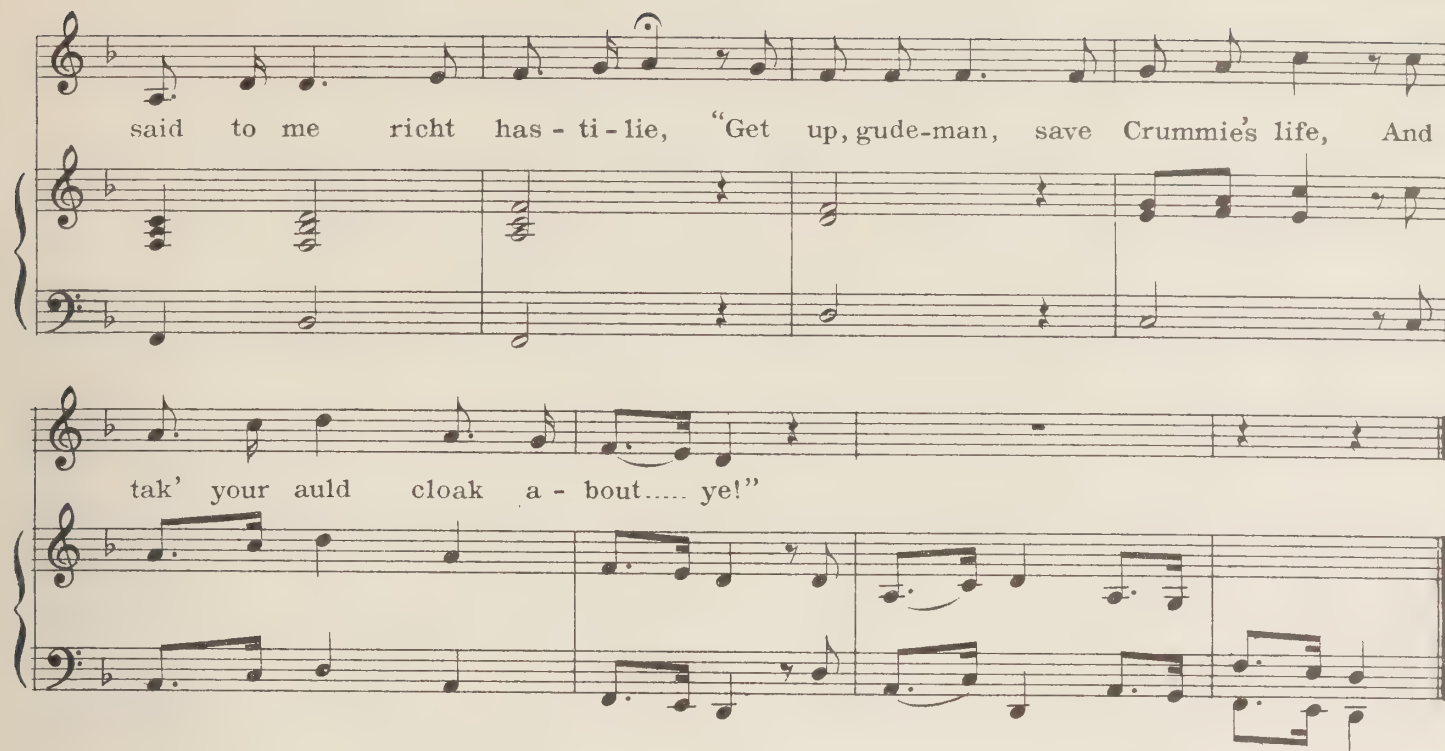
1. In win - ter when the rain, rain'd could, An'

The second line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with eighth notes G4-A4, B4-A4, G4-F4, E4-D4, C4-B3, A3-G3, F3-E3, D3-C3, B2-A2, G2-F2, E2-D2, C2-B1, A1-G1, F1-E1, D1-C1, B0-A0, G0-F0, E0-D0, C0-B0. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays chords: G4-B4, A4-G4, F4-E4, D4-C4, B3-A3, G3-F3, E3-D3, C3-B2, A2-G2, F2-E2, D2-C2, B1-A1, G1-F1, E1-D1, C1-B0, B0-A0, G0-F0, E0-D0, C0-B0. The left hand plays a bass line with chords: G2-B1, F1-E1, D1-C1, B0-A0, G0-F0, E0-D0, C0-B0, B0-A0, G0-F0, E0-D0, C0-B0, B0-A0, G0-F0, E0-D0, C0-B0, B0-A0, G0-F0, E0-D0, C0-B0.

frost and snaw on il - ka hill, And Bo - reas wi' his blasts sae bauld Was

The third line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with eighth notes G4-A4, B4-A4, G4-F4, E4-D4, C4-B3, A3-G3, F3-E3, D3-C3, B2-A2, G2-F2, E2-D2, C2-B1, A1-G1, F1-E1, D1-C1, B0-A0, G0-F0, E0-D0, C0-B0. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays chords: G4-B4, A4-G4, F4-E4, D4-C4, B3-A3, G3-F3, E3-D3, C3-B2, A2-G2, F2-E2, D2-C2, B1-A1, G1-F1, E1-D1, C1-B0, B0-A0, G0-F0, E0-D0, C0-B0. The left hand plays a bass line with chords: G2-B1, F1-E1, D1-C1, B0-A0, G0-F0, E0-D0, C0-B0, B0-A0, G0-F0, E0-D0, C0-B0, B0-A0, G0-F0, E0-D0, C0-B0, B0-A0, G0-F0, E0-D0, C0-B0.

threat'nin' a' our kye to kill; Then Bell, my wife, wha loes nae strife, She



## 2

My Crummie is a usefu' coo,  
 An she has come o a good kin';  
 Aft has she wat the bairns'mou',  
 An I am laith that she should tyne.  
 Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,  
 The sun shines in lift sae hie;  
 Sloth ne'er made a gracious end,  
 Gae, tak' your auld cloak about ye.

## 3

My cloak was ance a gude gray cloak,  
 When it was fittin' for my wear;  
 But noo it's scanty worth a groat,  
 For I hae worn't this thretty year.  
 Let's spend the gear that we hae won,  
 We little ken the day we'll dee;  
 Then I'll be proud, for I hae sworn  
 To hae a new cloak about me.

## 4

In days when guid King Robert ran,  
 His trews they cost but half-a-croon;  
 He swore they were a groat owre dear,  
 An' ca'd the tailor thief an' loon.  
 He was the king that wore the croon,  
 An' thou'rt a man o' laigh degree;  
 'Tis pride puts a' the country doon,  
 Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

## 5

Ilka land has its ain lauch,  
 Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool;  
 I think the world is a' gane wrang,  
 When ilka wife her man wad rule.  
 Do ye no see Rob, Jock and Hab,  
 How they are girded gallantlie,  
 While I sit hurklin in the asse?  
 I'll hae a new cloak about me.

## 6

Gudeman, I wat it's thretty year  
 Sin' we did ane anither ken;  
 An' we hae had atween us twa,  
 O' lads and bonnie lasses, ten.  
 Noo they're women grown an' men,  
 I wish an' pray weel may they be;  
 If ye would prove a guid husband,  
 E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

## 7

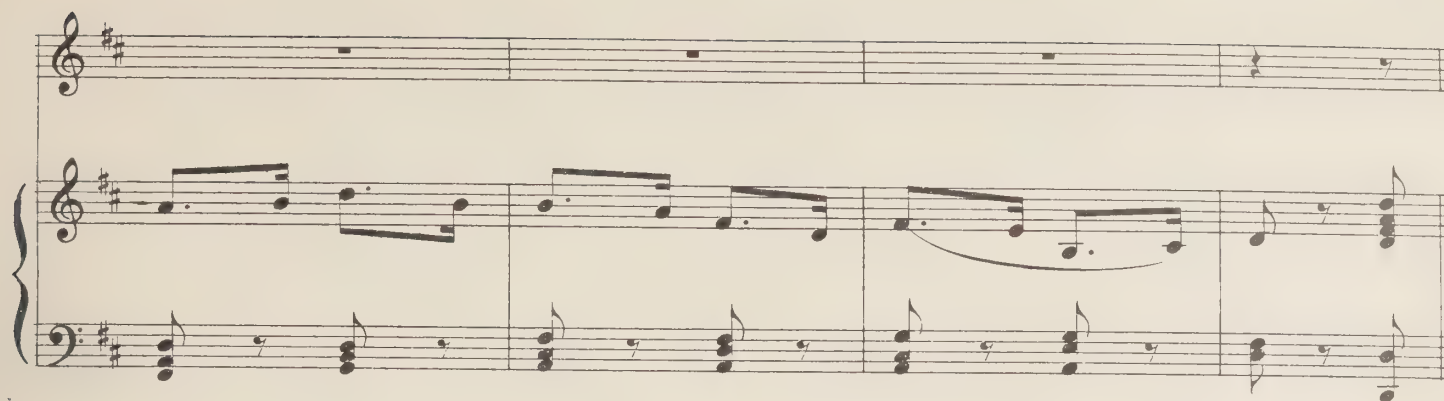
Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,  
 But she wad guide me, if she can,  
 An' to maintain an' easy life,  
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman.  
 Noughts to be gain'd at woman's han',  
 Unless ye gie her a' the plea;  
 So I'll leave off where I began,  
 An' tak' my auld cloak about me.

## GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR

Allegretto

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of a piano accompaniment and a vocal melody. The piano part uses a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and a more melodic line in the treble. The vocal melody is written in a single treble staff and includes lyrics. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'.

1. It  
 fell a - bout the Martin-mas time, And a gay time it was then, O! When  
 our gude wife had puddins to mak', And she boild.. them in the pan,.... O!



2.

The wind blew cauld frae North to South,  
 And blew into the floor, O!  
 Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,  
 "Get up and bar the door O!"

3.

"My hand is in my husswyfskip,  
 Gudeman, as ye may see O!  
 An' it shoudna be barr'd this hunner year,  
 It'll no be barr'd by me, O!"

4.

They made a paction 'tween them twa,  
 They made it firm and sure, O!  
 Whae'er should speak the foremost word,  
 Should rise and bar the door, O!

5.

Then by there cam' twa gentlemen,  
 At twal o'clock at nicht, O!  
 And they could see neither house nor ha',  
 Nor coul nor can'le licht, O!

6.

Now whether is this a rich man's house,  
 Or whether is it a poor, O?  
 But ne'er a word ane o' them spak,  
 For barrin' o' the door, O!

7.

And first they ate the white puddin's,  
 And syne they ate the black, O!  
 Muckle thought the gudewife to hersel',  
 Yet ne'er a word she spak, O!

8.

Then the ane unto the ither said—  
 "Here, man, tak' ye my knife, O!  
 Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,  
 And I'll kiss the gudewife, O!"

9.

"But there's nae water in the house,  
 And what will we do then, O?"  
 "What ails ye at the puddin' broo,  
 That boils into the pan, O?"

10.

O up then started our gudeman,  
 And an angry man was he, O!  
 "Will ye kiss my wife before my e'en,  
 And scaud me wi' puddin' bree, O!"

11.

Then up and started our gudewife,  
 Gied three skips on the floor, O!  
 "Gudeman, ye've spak the foremost word,  
 Get up and bar the door, O!"



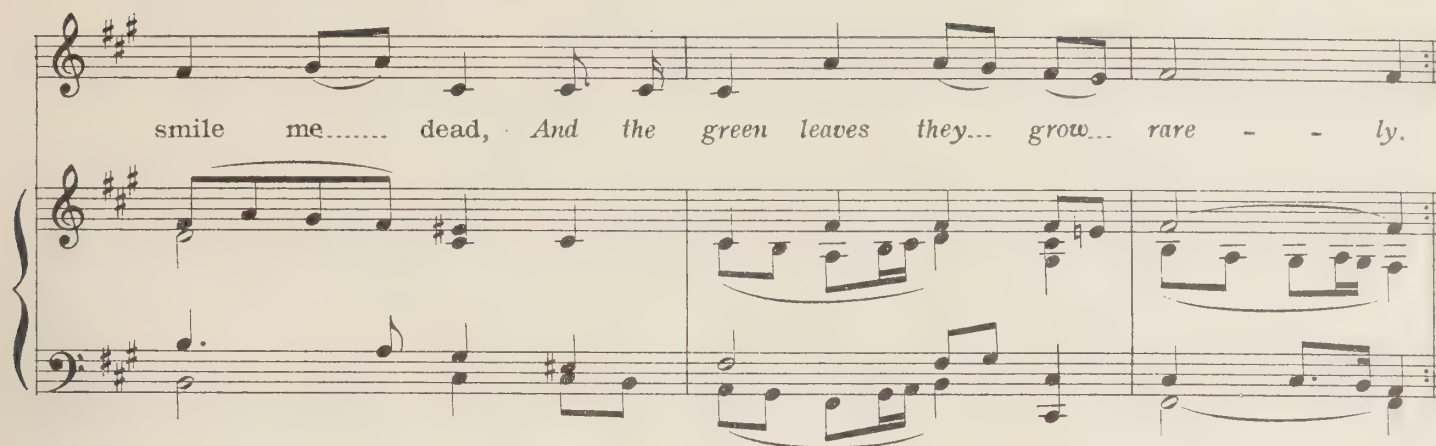
## FINE FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY

Andante sostenuto

The first system of music features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a whole rest for four measures. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. It starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The right hand plays a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a steady bass line of eighth notes.

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line begins with a repeat sign followed by the lyrics "1. Smile nae sae..... sweet, my bon - nie..... babe,". The piano accompaniment continues with the same texture, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The vocal line has a melodic line with some ties and a final note in the first measure.

The third system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics "Fine flow'rs in the val - ley; An' ye smile sae sweet, ye'll...". The piano accompaniment continues with the same texture, marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The vocal line has a melodic line with some ties and a final note in the first measure.



## 2.

She's howket a grave by the light o' the moon,  
*Fine flow'rs in the valley;*  
 And there she's buried her sweet babe in,  
*And the green leaves they grow rarely.*

## 3.

As she was going to the church,  
*Fine flow'rs in the valley;*  
 She saw a sweet babe in the porch,  
*And the green leaves they grow rarely.*

## 4.

O sweet babe, an' thou wert mine,  
*Fine flow'rs in the valley;*  
 I wad cleed thee in silk so fine,  
*And the green leaves they grow rarely.*

## 5.

O mother dear, when I was thine,  
*Fine flow'rs in the valley;*  
 You did na prove to me sae kind—  
*And the green leaves they grow rarely.*

NOTE.—The above are a few verses  
 of a very old Ballad, called the "Cruel  
 Mother;" see Prof. Child's English and  
 Scottish Ballads. Vol. I. page 218.

# AYE WAUKIN', O !

Larghetto

Piano introduction in 3/4 time. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Larghetto' and the dynamics include a piano (*p*) marking and a 'rall.' (rallentando) instruction towards the end of the first system.

First system of the song. The vocal melody is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The lyrics are: "1. Aye wau-kin', O! wau - kin' aye, and wea - rie; Sleep I can get nane, For". The piano part includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

Second system of the song. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: "think - in' o' my dear - ie. Aye... wau-kin', O. Spring's a pleas - ant time,". The piano accompaniment includes a 'colla voce.' instruction. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Third system of the song. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: "Flow'rs o' ilk - a col - our; The bird - ie... builds her nest An' I lang for my lov - er." The piano accompaniment includes a 'colla voce.' instruction. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Aye wau-kin', O! Wau-kin' aye, an' wea-rie, Sleep I can get nane, For  
 think - in' o' my dear - ie. Aye..... wau-kin', O!  
*rall.*  
*pp colla voce.*  
*rall.*

## 2.

Lanely night comes on,  
 A' the lave are sleepin';  
 I think o' my dear lad,  
 And blear my een wi' greetin'.  
 Aye waukin', O!  
 Waukin' aye, and wearie,  
 Sleep I can get nane,  
 For thinkin' o' my dearie.  
 Aye waukin', O!

## 3.

When I sleep I dream,  
 When I wake I'm eerie;  
 Rest I canna get,  
 For thinkin' o' my dearie.  
 Aye waukin', O!  
 Waukin' aye, an' wearie,  
 Sleep I can get nane,  
 For thinkin' o' my dearie,  
 Aye waukin', O!



## O' WALY, WALY.

Andante mesto

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat major), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante mesto'. The piano part starts with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The vocal line enters in the second measure. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The score consists of four systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The piece concludes with a double bar line.

wa - ly, wa - ly up the bank, And wa - ly, wa - ly down the brae, And

wa - ly, wa - ly yon burnside, Where I and my love wont to gae!

I lean'd my back un - to an aik, I thocht it was a

trus-ty tree; But first it bow'd, an' syne it brak; And sae did my true  
love to me.

## 2.

O waly, waly, but love be bonnie  
A little time while it is new;  
But when it's auld it waxes cauld,  
An' fades away like mornin' dew.  
O wherefore should I busk my heid,  
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?  
For my true love has me forsook,  
An' says he'll never love me mair.

## 3.

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,  
The sheets shall ne'er be press'd by me,  
St Anton's Well shall be my drink,  
Since my true love's forsaken me.  
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blow,  
An' shake the green leaves aff the tree?  
O, gentle death, when wilt thou come?  
For o' my life I am wearie.

## 4.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
Nor blawin' snaw's inclemencie;  
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry:  
But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.  
When we cam' in by Glasgow toun,  
We were 'a comely sight to see;  
My love was clad in the black velvet,  
An' I mysel' in cramasie.

## 5.

But had I wist, before I kiss'd,  
That love had been sae ill to win,  
I'd lock'd my heart in a case o' gold,  
An' pinnd it wi' a siller pin.  
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,  
An' set upon the nurse's knee,  
An' I mysel' were dead an' gane,  
An' the green grass growin' over me!

## ALLISTER MAC ALLISTER

*Con spirito*

Oh! Al-lis - ter Mac Al - lis - ter, Your chan - ter sets us a' a - steer, Get  
out your pipes and blaw wi' birr, We'll dance the Highland fling. Now  
Al-lis - ter has tuned his pipes And thrang as bum - bees frae their bikes The  
lads and lass - es loup the dikes, And ga - ther on the green. Oh!...

Al-lis - ter Mac Al - lis - ter, Your chan - ter sets us a' a - steer; Then  
to your bags an' blaw wi' birr, We'll dance the Highland fling.

The miller Rab was fidgin' fain  
To dance the Highland fling his lane;  
He lap an' danced wi' might an' main,  
The like was never seen.  
Oh! Allister &c.

As round about the ring he whuds,  
He cracks his thumbs and shakes his duds;  
The meal flew frae his tail in cluds,  
An' blinded a' their e'en.  
Oh! Allister &c.

Noo wanton Willie was na blate,  
For he got hand o' winsome Kate;  
"Come here," quo he, "I'll show the gate  
To dance the Highland fling!"  
Oh! Allister &c.

I trow the gauntrees gat a lift,  
An' round the bickers flew like drift,  
An' Allister that very nicht  
Could hardly stand his lane.  
Oh! Allister &c.

Neist rauchle-handed smiddy Jock,  
A' blackend o'er wi' coom an' smoke,  
Wi' blethern bleer e'ed Bess did yoke,  
That harum-scarum queen.  
Oh! Allister &c.

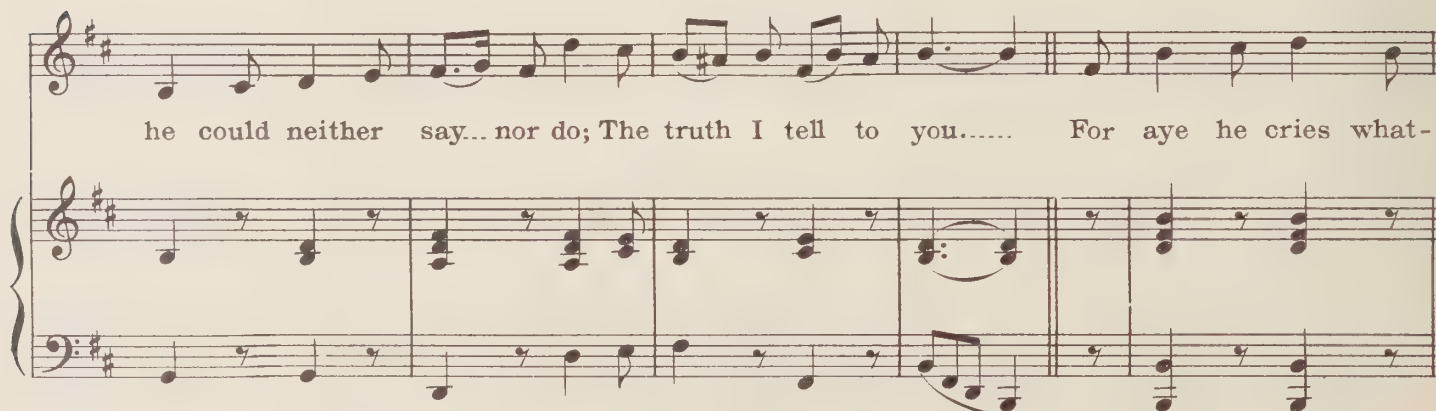
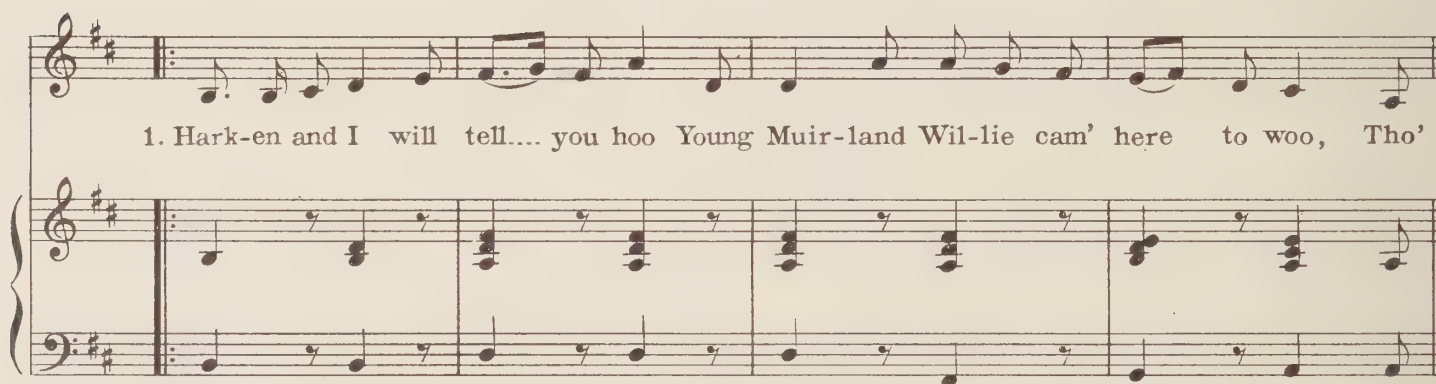
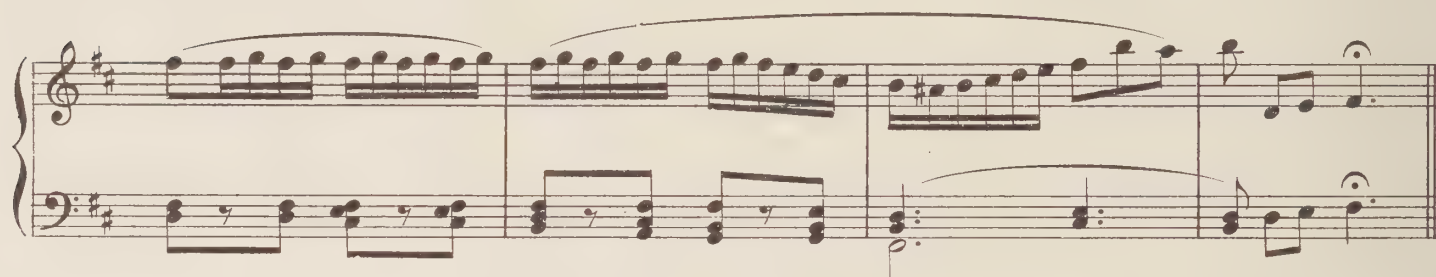
He shook his doublets in the wind,  
His feet like hammers strack the grund;  
The very moudie warts were stunn'd  
Nor kenned what it could mean.  
Oh! Allister &c.

Now Allister has done his best  
And weary stumps are needin' rest;  
Forbye wi' drouth they're sair distress'd  
Wi' dancin' sae I ween.  
Oh! Allister &c.



## MUIRLAND WILLIE

Lively



e'er be - tide, Mag-gie Ise hae to be my bride, With a fal da ra, fal

lal da ra la, fal lal da ra lal da ral la.....

## 2.

On his grey mare as he did ride,  
 Wi'dirk an' pistol by his side,  
 He prick'd her on wi' muckle pride,  
     Wi' muckle mirth an' glee,  
 Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,  
 Till he cam' to her daddie's door,  
     With a fal da ra, &c.

## 3.

Guid man, quo' he, be ye within?  
 I've come yer dochter's love to win,  
 I care na' for makin' muckle din;  
     What answer gae ye me?  
 Noo wooer, quo' he, would ye licht doon,  
 I'll gie ye my dochter's love to win,  
     With a fal da ra, &c.

## 6.

The bridal day it cam' to pass,  
 Wi' mony a blythesome lad an' lass;  
 An' siccan a time there never was,  
     Sae muckle mirth an' glee.  
 This winsome couple they strakit han's,  
 Mess John tied up the marriage ban's,  
     With a fal da ra, &c.

## 4.

The maid put on her kirtle broon;  
 She was the brawest in a' the toon:  
 I wat on him she did na' gloom,  
     But blinkit bonnilie.  
 The lover he stentit up in haste,  
 An gript her tight about the waist,  
     With a fal da ra, &c.

## 5.

The maiden blush'd an bing'd fu' law,  
 She hadna will to say him na,  
 But to her daddie she left it a',  
     As they twa could agree.  
 The lover he gae her the tither kiss,  
 Syne ran to her daddie, an' tellt him this,  
     With a fal da ra, &c.

## LEEZIE LINDSAY

Andante con moto

The first system of the musical score for 'Leezie Lindsay'. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante con moto'. The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The vocal line starts with a whole rest, followed by a series of notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics '1. Will ye gang to the'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes. The dynamic remains piano (*p*).

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Hie - lands, Lee - zie Lind - say? Will ye gang to the'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes. The dynamic is marked 'un poco cresc.' (a little crescendo).

Hie - lands wi' me? Will ye gang to the

*colla voce*

Hie - lands, Lee - zie Lind - say, My bride and my

dar - ling to be?

2.

To gang to the Hielan's wi' you, sir,  
 I dinna ken how that may be,  
 For I ken na' the land that ye live in,  
 Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'?

3.

O Leezie, lass, ye maun ken little  
 If sae be ye dinna ken me,  
 My name is Lord Ronald Mac Donald,  
 A chieftain o' high degree.

4.

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,  
 She has kilted them up to the knee,  
 And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Mac Donald,  
 His bride an' his darlin' to be.



# "THE BROOM O' THE COWDENKNOWES."

Moderato



1. How blythe was I ilk morn to... see My... swain come ower the...

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "1. How blythe was I ilk morn to... see My... swain come ower the..."

hill;..... He skipt... the... burn, an'.... flew to.... me,.... I....

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "hill;..... He skipt... the... burn, an'.... flew to.... me,.... I...."

met him wi'..... gude will..... Oh, the broom, the

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "met him wi'..... gude will..... Oh, the broom, the"

bon-nie, bon-nie broom, The.... broom o' the Cow - den - knowes. I

wish... I.... were at.... hame... a - gain,... Where the broom sae sweet - ly

grows!..... Oh, the broom, the bonnie, bon - nie broom.

1. & 2. D.S. 3.

He D.S. Fine

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a recurring motif of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and a more active treble line with chords and single notes. The score includes a repeat sign with first and second endings, a double bar line, and a final cadence marked 'Fine'.

2.

He tuned his pipe and played sae sweet  
 The birds sat list'ning by,  
 Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gazed  
 Charm'd wi' his melody.  
 Oh, the broom, &c.

3.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknowes, adieu!  
 Farewell, a' pleasures there!  
 Ye Gods, restore me to my swain,  
 It's a' I crave or care.  
 Oh, the broom, &c.

# "HEY THE BONNIE BREIST KNOTS."

Moderato ben marcato

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand with eighth-note patterns and a bass line with sustained chords. A wavy line in the bass staff indicates a tremolo effect. The piece ends with a double bar line and an asterisk.

1. Hey the bonnie, how the bonnie, Hey the bonnie breist-knots! Blythe and merry

*tenuto*

The vocal line consists of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

*A little slower*

were they a' When they got on their breist-knots. There was a bri-dal

The tempo changes to 'A little slower'. The vocal line continues with eighth notes. The piano accompaniment has sustained chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. A repeat sign is present at the end of the line.

in the town, And till't the las-sies a' were boun', Wi' man - kie fa - cin's

The vocal line continues with eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

*rall.* *a tempo*

on each gown, And some o' them had breist-knots. Hey the bonnie, how the bonnie,

Hey the bonnie breist-knots! Blythe and merry were they a' When they got on their

*D.S. §*

breist-knots.

*D.S. § last time*

2.

At nine o'clock the lads convene,  
Some clad in blue, some clad in green,  
Wi' glancin' buckles in their shoon,  
And flow'rs upon their waistcoats.  
Hey the bonnie, &c.

3.

Forth cam' the wives a' wi' a phrase,  
And wish'd the lassie happy days;  
And meikle thocht they o' her claes,  
And 'specially the breist-knots.  
Hey the bonnie, &c.



## WILLIE'S GANE TO MELVILLE CASTLE.

*Poco allegretto*

1. O Wil - lie's gane to Mel - ville Cas - tle, Boots an' spurs an' a', To

The first line of the song, featuring a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are "1. O Wil - lie's gane to Mel - ville Cas - tle, Boots an' spurs an' a', To".

bid the Led - dies a' fare - well, Be - fore he gaed a - wa'. Oh,

The second line of the song, continuing the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "bid the Led - dies a' fare - well, Be - fore he gaed a - wa'. Oh,".

Wil - lie's young and Wil - lie's bonnie, Lik'd by ane an' a'; Oh,

The third line of the song, concluding the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "Wil - lie's young and Wil - lie's bonnie, Lik'd by ane an' a'; Oh,".

what will a the las - ses do, When Wil lie gaes a - wa'?

*D.S. al Fine*

2.

The first he met was Lady Kate,  
 Who led him thro' the ha';  
 And wi' a sad and sorry heart,  
 She let the tears down fa'.  
 Beside the fire stood Lady Grace  
 Said ne'er a word ava';  
 She thought that she was sure o' him  
 Before he gaed awa'.

3.

Then ben the hoose cam Lady Bell,  
 "Gude troth, ye need na craw,  
 Maybe the lad will fancy me,  
 And disappoint ye a'!"  
 Then down the stair tripp'd Lady Jean,  
 The flow'r among them a'.  
 Oh! lassies, trust in Providence,  
 And ye'll get husbands a'!

4.

As on his horse he rade awa',  
 They gathered round the door,  
 He gaily waved his bonnet blue,  
 They set up sic' a roar.  
 Their sighs, their tears brocht Willie back,  
 He kissed them ane an a',  
 Oh! lassies, bide or I come hame  
 An' then I'll wed ye a'!

## THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLY

Andante

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings: *mf* (mezzo-forte), *dim* (diminuendo), *p* (piano), *f* (forte), and *p* (piano). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

1. It fell on a day, And a bon-nie summer day, When the corn grew green and  
 yel - low, That there fell out a great dis-pute Be - tween Ar-gyle and Air - ly.  
 The... Duke o' Montrose has written to Ar-gyle To.... come in the morn - ing  
 ear - ly, An' lead in his men, by the back o' Dunkeld, To... plun-der the bonnie house o'



2.

The lady look'd o'er her window sae hie,  
 And, oh! but she look'd weary,  
 And there she espied the great Argyle  
 Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airly.

3.

"Come down, come down, Lady Margaret," he says,  
 "Come down and kiss me fairly,  
 Or before the morning clear day-light,  
 I'll no leave a standing stane in Airly."

4.

"I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,  
 I wadna kiss thee fairly,  
 I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,  
 Gin you shouldna leave a standing stane in Airly."

5.

He has ta'en her by the middle sae sma'  
 Says, "Lady, where is your drury?"  
 "It's up and down the bonnie burn-side,  
 Amang the planting o' Airly."

6.

They sought it up, they sought it down,  
 They sought it late and early,  
 And found it in the bonnie balm-tree,  
 That shines on the bowling-green o' Airly.

7.

He has ta'en her by the left shoulder,  
 And, oh! but she grat sairly,  
 And led her down to yon green bank  
 Till he plunder'd the bonnie house o' Airly.

8.

"O it's I ha'e seven braw sons," she says,  
 "And the youngest ne'er saw his daddie,  
 And although I had as mony mae,  
 I wad gi'e them a' to Charlie."

9.

"But gin my good lord had been at hame,  
 As this night he is wi' Charlie,  
 There durst na a Campbell in a' the west  
 Ha'e plunder'd the bonnie house o' Airly."



## OH, GIN I WERE A BARON'S HEIR

Andante con moto

Piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked *p* (piano) and *rall.* (rallentando). The music features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, both in a minor key.

First vocal line, marked *p*. The melody is in 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "1. Oh, gin I were a Ba - ron's heir, And could I braid wi'". The piano accompaniment continues with a supporting bass line.

Second vocal line, marked *p*. The melody is in 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "gems, your hair, And mak' ye braw as ye are fair,.... Las-sie, wad ye". The piano accompaniment continues with a supporting bass line.

Third vocal line, marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The melody is in 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "lo'e me? And could I tak' ye to the town, And". The piano accompaniment continues with a supporting bass line.

shaw ye braw sights, many an' ane, And busk ye fine in silk - en gown,...

Las - sie, wad ye lo'e me?

## 2.

Or should ye be content to prove  
In lowly life, unfading love,  
A heart, that nought on earth could move,

Lassie, wad ye lo'e me?

And ere the lavrock wing the sky,

Say, wad ye to the forest hie

And work wi' me sae merrily,

Lassie, wad ye lo'e me?

## 3.

And when the fair moon glistens o'er

Our wee bit bield and heather muir,

Will ye no greet that we're sae puir,

Lassie, for I lo'e ye!

For I ha'e nocht to offer ye,

Nae gowd frae mine, nae pearl frae sea,

Nor am I come o' high degree,

Lassie, but I lo'e ye!

## MY FAITHFU' JOHNNIE

Andante

Piano introduction in D major, 2/4 time. The music is marked 'Andante' and 'rit.' (ritardando). It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, both with a slow, steady pace.

1. When will you come a - gain, my..... faith - fu' John - nie ?

The first system of the song, featuring a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "1. When will you come a - gain, my..... faith - fu' John - nie ?". The piano part consists of chords and single notes in the right and left hands.

When will you come a - gain? When the.... corn is gath - er - ed

The second system of the song, continuing the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "When will you come a - gain? When the.... corn is gath - er - ed". The piano part continues with chords and single notes.

And the.... leaves are with - er - ed, I will come a - gain,

The third system of the song, concluding the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "And the.... leaves are with - er - ed, I will come a - gain,". The piano part continues with chords and single notes.



## 2.

Then winter's wind will blaw, my faithfu' Johnnie,  
 Then winter's wind will blaw;  
 Though the day be dark wi' drift,  
 That I canna see the lift,  
 I will come again, my sweet and bonnie,  
 I will come again.

## 3.

Then will you meet me here, my faithfu' Johnnie,  
 Then will you meet me here?  
 Though the night were Halloween,  
 When the fearfu' sights are seen,  
 I would meet thee here, my sweet and bonnie,  
 I would meet thee here.

## 4.

O come na by the muir, my faithfu' Johnnie,  
 O come na by the muir.  
 Though the wraiths were glinting white,  
 By the dim elf candles' light,  
 I would come to thee, my sweet and bonnie,  
 I would come to thee.

## 5.

And shall we part again, my faithfu' Johnnie,  
 Shall we part again?  
 Sae lang's my e'en can see, Jean,  
 That face sae dear to me, Jean,  
 We shall not part again, my sweet and bonnie,  
 We shall not part again.



# BONNIE LADDIE, HIELAND LADDIE.

*Allegretto*

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'p' (piano) and 'Allegretto'. The introduction consists of six measures of piano accompaniment. The first vocal line begins with a whole rest followed by a section marked 'S' (segno). The lyrics are: '1. Where ha'e ye been a' the day, Bon-nie lad-die?'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords. The second vocal line begins with a section marked 'S' and contains the lyrics: 'Hie-land lad-die? Saw ye him that's far a - way,... Bonnie lad-die, Hieland lad-die.'. The piano accompaniment continues. The third vocal line contains the lyrics: 'On his head a bon-net blue, Bon-nie lad-die, Hieland lad-die; Tar-tan plaid and'. The piano accompaniment continues throughout the piece.

*p*

1. Where ha'e ye been a' the day, Bon-nie lad-die?

Hie-land lad-die? Saw ye him that's far a - way,... Bonnie lad-die, Hieland lad-die.

On his head a bon-net blue, Bon-nie lad-die, Hieland lad-die; Tar-tan plaid and

Hie - land trews, ... Bon-nie lad-die, Hie-land lad-die?

## 2.

When he drew his gude braid sword,  
 Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie,  
 Then he gave his royal word,  
 Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie,  
 That frae the field he ne'er would flee,  
 Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie,  
 But wi' his friend would live or dee,  
 Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie.

## 3.

Weary fa' the Lawland loon  
 Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie,  
 Wha took frae him the British crown.  
 Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie;  
 But blessings on the kilted clans,  
 Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie,  
 That fought for him at Prestonpans,  
 Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie.



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O' A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.—	18
<p>This beautiful love song, composed, as the poet says, out of compliment to Mrs. Burns ("Bonnie Jean") has always been a great favorite. The second verse beginning "O' blaw ye westlin winds," written by John Hamilton, is also given in view of the shortness of the song, and because of its genuine lyric quality. The melody is by Wm. Marshall, who was a fine violinist, born at Fochabers, Dec. 17, 1748.</p>	
MY AIN KIND DEARIE O'.—	20
<p>This is one of our very best Scottish songs; a lyric wedded to a melody that never stales. Air, "The Lea Rig," dating from the seventeenth century.</p>	



MARY MORRISON.—	PAGE 22
This song, so pathetic and tender, the poet rather underrated, saying it was one of his juvenile works. Air, "The Miller."	
TAM GLEN.—	24
This song is one of the poet's many humorous masterpieces—in which, as Dr. Waddell observes, "feminine love and logic were never more admirably combined and the moral elevated forever above the base <i>commercial</i> idea of matrimony." The air is quite old.	
YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON.—	26
Unmatched for lyric beauty, a tender and pathetic song of faithless love. Air, "The Caledonian Hunt's Delight."	
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.—	28
This gem of Scottish song—the most perfect lyric of wedded love—is set to a very old air which occurs under the same name in the Skens Mss.	
MY NANNIE'S AWA'.—	30
One of the poet's sweetest pastoral songs; so full of nature in all her moods, in her "mantle of green," in her cloak of "yellow and grey," in her shroud of "wild drivin' snaw." The woods are resonant with the songs of birds and the bleating of the lambs is heard on the braes. The air is one adapted by George Croall.	
THE DEIL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN.—	32
This very droll song was first sung by the poet himself at a social gathering of excisemen at Dumfries. It is set to a very old air.	
THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN KYLE.—	34
In this song, with a fine humor, the poet sets forth his own genius and character. He wrote it in 1785, to the tune of "Dainty Davie." John Templeton, the famous Scottish singer, selected the air "O Gin Ye Were Dead Guidman" for his own singing, and it is now sung altogether to that air.	
MY NANNIE O!.—	36
This beautiful love song could hardly have been written save by the master hand of Burns, while the air is surely one of the finest specimens of Scottish melody.	
WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.—	38
The very King of convivial songs. How often, and in how many lands have the rafters rung to "we are na fu" and the patience of the "mune," when'er she shone, been sorely tried? Air is by an unknown singer.	
O, MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.—	40
This very popular song is founded on an old ballad. The air "Major Graham" is in Aird's <i>Airs</i> , 1788, and Gow's <i>Strathspeys</i> , 1784. It is unconsciously framed on the lines of Admiral Gordon's <i>Strathspey</i> .	
BONNIE WEE THING.—	42
This song, "composed," says the poet, "on my little idol, the charming, lovely Davies," is sung to an air from the "Caledonian Pocket Companion."	
GREEN GROW THE RASHES.—	44
Here the poet strikes his favorite theme, "The Lasses" and surely does them ample justice. Old melody.	
AE FOND KISS.—	46
"This song," says Scott, "contains the essence of a thousand love tales." It is believed that it relates to his parting with "Clarinda." The melody is quite old.	

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.—	PAGE 48
For fine humor and genuine Scottish diction surely this song is unsurpassed. Air, "The Queen of the Lothians."	
HERE AWA' THERE AWA'.—	50
This beautiful and simple theme is in the poet's best style; the air, which is an old one, is simple and very beautiful.	
CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.—	52
The original of this song was written by Isobel Pagan, who was born in New Cum- nock, Ayrshire, in 1743. In this version Burns only retained the chorus. The air, an old one, is one of the most beautiful of our Scottish melodies.	
BRAW, BRAW LADS.—	54
An improved version of an earlier song of Burns grafted on a pastoral with which he was familiar in his youth. Air, "Gala Water," originally known as "Comin' Thro' The Broom."	
CORN RIGS.—	56
This is one of Burns's early poetic efforts, and two young women, Annie Ronald and Annie Blair have been mentioned as inspirers of the song. The air is of English nation- ality and is said to have been originally composed in 1680 to a song by D'Urfey, be- ginning, "Sawney was tall and of noble race."	
O WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.—	58
Expanded from the original two-stanza version of the song which was written for Johnson's "Museum," and a very marked improvement on the original. Its expression of feminine archness and independence is characteristically Scottish. The air was composed by an obscure fiddler of Dumfries, John Bruce, whom Burns described as "a red wud Highlander."	
RATTLIN'! ROARIN' WILLIE.—	60
In an interleaved note made by Burns in a copy of Johnson's "Museum," the author says: "the last stanza of this song is mine, and out of compliment to one of the worthiest fellows in the world, William Dunbar, Esq., writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, and Col- onel of the Crochallan Corps, a Club of wits who took that title at the time of raising the fencible regiments." The music is a bag-pipe melody of the class common to the South of Scotland.	
AULD LANG SYNE.—	62
The poet seems to have taken a special delight in mystifying his friends about the au- thorship of this immortal song. In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, of December 17, 1788, he says: "Apropos, is not the Scotch phrase Auld lang syne exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul. You know I am an enthusiast in old Scotch songs. I shall give you the verses on the other sheet. . . . Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment! There is more of the fire of native genius in it than in half a dozen of modern English Bacchanalians." In sending a copy of it to George Thomson, in September, 1793, Burns accompanied it with the following note: "The following song—the old song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, not even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing—is enough to recommend any air." That there was an old air for which Burns wrote the song is beyond any question, but it is equally certain that he was under no obligation to any one else for more than the title and pos- sibly a single phrase of the song.	

#### SONGS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.—	66
This fine song has all the charm and romance of the old border ballad. The mel- ody is old.	

BONNIE DUNDEE.—	PAGE 68
"Bonnie Dundee," otherwise Graham of Claverhouse, created Viscount Dundee, the scourge of the Covenanters. The air is distinctly Scotch.	
BLUE BONNETS ARE OVER THE BORDER.—	70
This stirring song of the Border is from Sir Walter's novel "The Monastery." The air is the most popular of the many versions of the old air known as "Lesley's March."	
MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.—	72
This powerful lyric depicts the wrongs of the outlawed Macgregors. (The introduction to Sir Walter's novel "Rob Roy" gives interesting information about this Clan). The music is by Geo. Alexander Lee.	
HAIL TO THE CHIEF.—	76
The words of this song are from "The Lady of the Lake." The melody is a very old Gaelic air.	
PIBROCH OF DONAL DHU.—	78
The words of this thoroughly Gaelic lyric were written by Sir Walter in 1816. The air is an old Highland melody, "Lochiel's March."	
YOUNG LOCHINVAR.—	80
Sung by Lady Heron in "Marmion" embodying the familiar border tale of the dashing suitor who runs off with his lady love under the very eyes of her expectant bridegroom and relations.	
<b>SONGS OF LADY NAIRNE.</b>	
THE LAND O' THE LEAL.—	84
One of the most popular of our Scottish songs. It is sung to the same air as "Scots wha hae," the most heroic of songs, while "The Land O' The Leal" is surely the most pathetic, the measure, the phrasing and, of course, the sentiment changing entirely the character of the melody.	
THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.—	86
A song of exquisite humor; while the air entitled "When she cam ben she bobbet," is one of the oldest specimens of surviving Scottish music.	
CALLER HERRIN'.—	88
The music of this fine song was composed by Nathaniel Gow, son of Neil Gow, and is based upon the cry of the Newhaven fish-wives and the chimes of St. Andrew's Church.	
THE BRIER BUSH.—	90
How sweetly, how sympathetically has Lady Nairne sung of the hopes and disappointments of the lost cause of the Jacobites, but perhaps in none of her lyrics has she introduced so gentle and delicate a vein of pathos as in this. The melody is old.	
THE ROWAN TREE.—	92
A sweetly poetic memory of the author's younger days; a song to which no one can listen without its recalling some cherished scenes of the past. The melody is an old one.	
WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?—	94
This is one of the most beautiful of the Jacobite songs and is wedded to a very popular and most appropriate air, attributed to Neil Gow, grandson of the famous Neil.	

THE HUNDRED PIPERS.—	PAGE 96
This spirited song recalling Bonnie Prince Charlie's march into England, has a fine martial tread. It is somewhat uncertain who is the author of the music, although it has been attributed to Nathaniel Gow.	

THE AULD HOOSE.—	98
In this song Lady Nairne lovingly commemorates the old house of Gask, with ardent expressions of her inherited Jacobite sympathies. The melody is attributed to Nathaniel Gow.	

O CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.—	100
A song of which there are several versions, one sent by Burns to Johnson's "Museum," another written by James Hogg and a third by Capt. Charles Gray, R. M. That adopted here is attributed to Lady Nairne. It appeared anonymously in the Scottish Minstrel (1821). The air is comparatively modern	

#### SONGS BY ROBERT TANNAHILL.

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.—	104
This is Tannahill's most popular song. The third verse is not given in this edition, as the song is quite long enough without it, and it is of somewhat unequal merit. The music was composed by R. A. Smith.	

O ARE YE SLEEPIN' MAGGIE?—	106
A fine song set to a very old and characteristic melody.	

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.—	108
Nothing more beautifully descriptive of nature's change from Winter to Spring, can be found in the whole range of Scotland's songs. The air is an old Highland melody.	

WE'LL MEET BESIDE THE DUSKY GLEN.—	110
The air of this song is said to be another version of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" and was either made or adapted by R. A. Smith, who set so many of Tannahill's songs to music.	

THOU BONNIE WOOD O' CRAIGIELEA.—	112
In the woods and the braes of his native land Tannahill seems to have found constant inspiration, and there can be no question of the poetic feeling with which he celebrated their beauties. The melody is by James Barr.	

#### SONGS OF JAMES HOGG.

CAM' YE BY ATHOL.—	116
This spirited Jacobite song is a most effective and highly popular one. The music is by Neil Gow, Jr.	

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.—	118
This favorite pastoral contains originally seven verses, of which three have been omitted here, the four verses being quite long enough for one song. The air "The Blathrie O't" is old.	

COME O'ER THE STREAM CHARLIE.—	120
The poet says: "I versified this song from a scrap of prose said to be a verbatim translation of a Gaelic song sung to a Gaelic air."	

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.—	122
The air to which this song is sung is a very spirited dance tune entitled "Lady Badinscoth's Reel."	



**SONGS OF HECTOR MACNIEL.**

- MY BOY TAMMY.— 126  
 This fine song is set to a very old air which strongly suggests "Muirland Willie."
- COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.— 128  
 For pawky Scottish humor, this song has few equals. The air is a dance tune composed by John McGill, a musician of Girvan.
- I LO'E NA A LADDIE BUT ANE.— 130  
 The air to which this song is sung is old, and its nationality uncertain.

**SONGS BY SCOTLAND'S MINOR LYRIC POETS.**

- ANNIE LAURIE.—LADY SCOTT. 134  
 The air of this beautiful song is also by Lady Scott. Its wide popularity and universal acceptance are finely indicated by Bayard Taylor in his "Song of the Camp":  
 "They sang of love and not of fame;  
 Forgot was Britain's glory:  
 Each heart recalled a different name,  
 But all sang 'Annie Laurie'."
- ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.—MRS. GRANT. 136  
 A song of enduring popularity, sung to a fine old Strathspey tune.
- AULD ROBIN GRAY.—LADY ANNE LINDSAY. 138  
 One of the most tender and affecting of all our ballads of humble life which it would be difficult to match in any literature. The ancient Scottish melody which inspired Lady Lindsay to the writing of the song was "The Bridegroom Greets When the Sun Gaes Doun," but it is now almost universally sung to the air composed for it, about 1771, by the Reverend William Leves, Rector of Wrington, in Somersetshire, who had received a copy of the verses from the Honorable Mrs. Byron.
- THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.—MRS. COCKBURN. 140  
 Not inspired, like Jane Elliot's song of the same name, by the ruin wrought at Flodden, but by the financial ruin of seven landed proprietors in Selkirkshire, though the sentiment suffers nothing from the less poetical character of the theme. It is sung to a modernized extension of a melody which is at least three hundred years old.
- JOHNNIE COPE.—ADAM SKIRVING. 142  
 A humorous ballad purporting to give an account of General Sir John Cope's fiasco at Prestonpans. The air is an old one and assumes its most inspiring form when played by the pipers of a Highland regiment on the march.
- MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE O'.—RICHARD GALL. 144  
 This beautiful song was written by request of a friend of Gall's for an old air whose name it bears.
- BONNIE BESSIE LEE.—ROBERT NICOL. 146  
 This song, by the poor lad who fought so bravely and who died so young, is a masterpiece of gentle humor and real pathos, and is well worthy of a permanent place in the literature of Scottish song. The air is modern but the composer unknown.

OH! WHY I LEFT MY HAME.—ROBERT GILFILLAN.	PAGE 148
How often in far off lands "Where the palm tree waveth high" has this beautiful song expressed the emotion of the Scottish heart? The melody is an old air altered by Peter McLeod.	
HAME, HAME, HAME.—ALLEN CUNNINGHAM.	150
The song of the exiled Jacobite was a great favorite of Sir Walter Scott's. The music is based on "My Luve's in Germanie."	
JENNY'S BAWBEE.—SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.	152
This delightfully humorous song, so full of quaint Scotch satire, is quite a masterpiece in its way. The air is an old dance tune.	
WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.—WILLIAM GLEN.	154
"Bonnie Prince Charlie" inspired many songs, but surely none more sympathetic or more finely touched with poetic fancy than this one. Air "The Gypsie Laddie."	
AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.—SUSANNA BLAMIRE.	156
The author of this song though not of Scottish birth, absorbed, during a long residence in Scotland, at an impressionable period of her life, the spirit and vernacular of the country so thoroughly that her lyrics have been counted as a rich addition to Scottish song.	
BLYTHE, BLYTHE AND MERRY ARE WE.—CAPTAIN CHARLES GRAY, R. M.	158
This is a capital convivial song written in a thoroughly Scottish vein which is quite worthy of the original which inspired it, which Burns described as "this blythesome song, so full of Scottish humor and convivial merriment, is an intimate favorite at bridal-trystes and house-heatings." Burns's own song "Blythe, Blythe, and merry was She" is sung to the same old air entitled "Andre and his Cutty Gun."	
LOGIE O' BUCHAN.—GEORGE HACKETT.	160
The Logie of this song is situated in Crimond, a parish adjoining that in which its author lived and officiated as parish schoolmaster—Rathen, Aberdeenshire. The "Jamie that delved in the yard" was gardener at the mansion-house—James Robertson by name. The melody is said to be an adaptation of "The Taylor Fell Through the Bed, Thimbles an' a'"—to which the worshipful Corporation of Taylors used to march.	
THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.—WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.	162
This song with its whiff of sea air, its realistic picture of Scottish domestic life, its loyal and constant love, is one of the very best of our Scottish songs. It was very much admired by Burns. The air is a modernized version of "Up an' waur them a' Willie."	
TULLOCHGORUM.—REVEREND JOHN SKINNER.	164
Burns has this to say of "Tullochgorum:"—"This first of songs is the masterpiece of my old friend Skinner. He was passing the day at the town of Cullen—I think it was in a friend's house, whose name was Montgomery. Mrs. Montgomery observing, en passant, that the beautiful reel of 'Tullochgorum' wanted words, she begged them of Mr. Skinner, who gratified her wishes, and the wishes of every lover of Scottish song, in this most excellent ballad."	
SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'?—JOANNA BAILLIE.	166
There is the highest authority for the statement that "this song for genuine humor, and lively originality in the air, is unparalleled." The tender simplicity of the air has had general recognition though the "language of despair" which Burns found in it is not so easy to trace.	

O'ER THE MUIR AMONG THE HEATHER.—JEAN GLOVER.	PAGE 168
The tune appears as a reel in Bremner's collection about 1764 and its very extensive compass may, as has been remarked, well have put Jean's voice upon its mettle. The "Craigs o' Kyle" are a range of small hills in the district of Kyle, Ayrshire.	
CASTLES IN THE AIR.—JAMES BALLANTYNE.	170
This charming song is a fine bit of refined Scottish verse, telling of the Bonnie Bairn in the "Land that never was," and is not without some very sound philosophy. The music is a slightly altered version of an excellent old melody "Bonny Jean."	
I WONDER WHA'LL BE MY MAN.—EDWARD POLLIN.	172
A very clever bit of humorous verse set to an old air "The Brechin Weaver."	
MAGGIE LAUDER.—FRANCIS SEMPLE.	174
The Habbie Simson referred to in this song had his praises sung in a poem by Robert Semple of Belltrees, Renfrewshire, just as Rob the Ranter, upon whom Habbie's man-fell, is here celebrated by Robert's son, Francis Semple of Belltrees—about 1642.	
FAREWELL TO LOCHABER.—ALLAN RAMSAY.	176
The beautiful air of this song is an extension of that to which the fine old ballad of "Lord Ronald" was sung. It is recorded that the officers of a Highland regiment stationed in the West Indies found it necessary to prohibit the band from playing "Lochaber No More" owing to the home-sickness which the hearing of it caused among the men.	
WHEN THE KING COMES OWER THE WATER.—LADY KEITH.	178
This song, coming as if sung by Lady Mary Drummond, daughter of the Earl of Perth, and Dowager Countess, is plausibly assigned to her authorship, though there is a suspicion that James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepard, in whose collection it appears without trace of origin, was really the author of it. The tune is closely akin to "Boyne Water."	
O WAE BE TO THE ORDERS.—WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.	180
This song of Motherwell's so seldom found in any collection of Scottish song is, in my opinion, one of the most touching lyrics by any of our minor poets. The author of the music is unknown to me.	
KELVIN GROVE.—JAMES LYLE.	182
A fine product of one of the numerous band of Paisley poets. The air is old and the song to which it was originally sung is somewhat too broad for ears polite.	
WHAT'S A' THE STEER KIMMER?—ROBERT ALLAN.	184
This Jacobite song is set to a very spirited and popular dance tune which was published anonymously in 1821.	
DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.—ROBERT CRAWFORD.	186
The author of this song was one of the "ingenious young gentlemen" who contributed to Allan Ramsay's "Ten table Miscellany." The author of the melody, James Hook, was an Englishman and also composed the air of "'Twas Within A Mile O' Edinburgh Toun."	
MARY OF ARGYLE.—CHARLES JEFFERYS.	188
This song belongs to what may be called the modern repertoire having been written about 1850. The air lacks the most distinctive characteristics of the older Scottish period though quite effective.	

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE MORE.—MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.	PAGE 190
Though not well known as a song these verses of the great Marquis are well worthy of a place in this collection, both on account of their literary quality and the celebrity of the author.	
THE STANDARD ON THE BRAES O' MAR.—A. LAING.	192
This song refers to the gathering of the clans under the Earl of Mar on their march to Sheriffmuir, near Dunblane, in November, 1715. The air to which it is set is a Strathspey.	
SCOTLAND YET.—HENRY SCOTT RIDDLE.	194
The last verse of this spirited patriotic song is omitted here because of the length of the preceding three which are complete in themselves. The air was composed by Peter McLeod.	
THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN.—MARY MAXWELL CAMPBELL.	196
This is a fine martial song set to most appropriate music. The author says that she composed it when very young after traveling from morning to night through Highland scenery with a member of the family of Lochiel. Had its authorship not been assigned to others, Miss Campbell would probably never have acknowledged it.	
JESSIE'S DREAM.—"GRACE CAMPBELL.	198
The author of the words of this song is Benjamin Britten, an Englishman born in London who at the time of the Indian Mutiny was manager to a music seller. He was inspired by a letter in the Times, dated from Calcutta, October 8, 1857, in which was described the soul-stirring story of the relief of Lucknow. He published the song under a Scottish pseudonym thinking it more likely, thus attributed, to arouse interest in the hearts of the public. The verses were dashed off in a few minutes, and are in their way one of the most remarkable illustrations of literary facility in all song literature. The music by John Blockley.	
FAIR YOUNG MARY.—A. C. McLEOD.	202
Music, Old Highland Melody.	
HO-RO MY NUT BROWN MAIDEN.—PROF. JOHN STUART BLACKIE.	204
This fine song, one of the best known of Gaelic lyrics, has become very popular in recent years through the translation made by Professor Blackie. The air is an old Highland melody.	
SOUND THE PIBROCH.—MRS. NORMAN MACLEOD.	206
The air and Gaelic refrain were first printed in Campbell's "Albyn's Anthology" in 1816. The following verse was added to this song by the author's most famous son, Dr. Norman Macleod:	
<p style="padding-left: 40px;">"No more we'll see such deeds again,  Deserted is each Highland glen;  And lonely cairns are o'er the men  Who fought and died for Charlie."</p>	
While this verse is very fine, the writer, in singing this song, has always finished with the fourth verse. It is a heroic song to be sung boldly, and to add this verse partakes more or less of the character of an anti-climax.	
TURN YE TO ME—PROF. JOHN WILSON.	208
The air to this beautiful song "Ho-ro-Mhairi Dhu" is supposed to be a very old one.	
THE MACINTOSH'S LAMENT.—Trans. by HAROLD BOULTON.	210
* In its original Gaelic form, this lament is supposed to have been composed by the Bride of the Chief of the Clan Chattan who met his death by a fall from his horse when returning from his wedding. The music is an old Highland air.	



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<b>SONGS OF NAMELESS BARDS.</b>	
THE PIPER O' DUNDEE.—	216
The hero of this fine song is supposed to have been Carnegie of Finhaven in Forfarshire. The tunes mentioned as being played by the piper were popular at the time, 1715.	
HAME CAM OOR GUDEMAN AT E'EN.—	218
This most amusingly humorous song, the work of some "Gilbert" of the times, in a very droll way relates how the Gudeman found out that the Gudewife was "hidin' rebels in the hoose," illustrating the fact that it was not unusual for the sympathies of the feminine part of the family to be with Bonnie Charlie unbeknown to the head of the house.	
THE WOMEN ARE A' GANE WUD.—	222
This song has been attributed, only on internal evidence, however, to Lady Nairne. It Serves to illustrate the truth of the remark of Lord President Forbes that "men's swords did less for the cause of Charles than the tongues of his fair countrywomen."	
WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?—	224
This spirited and stirring call to the Clans is one of the most popular of Jacobite songs. The music is of Highland origin.	
WHA WADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE?—	226
Hogg says that this is a Buchan song and the air is an old Strathspey which is published in Bremner's Collection (1764). But the song probably belongs to Post-Jacobite times.	
THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMOND.—	228
This song which was long forgotten has of late years achieved the popularity which it deserves. It is supposed to have been written about 1746, and most probably refers to the hapless retreat of Prince Charles Edward from his English campaign.	
TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.—	230
This fine old ballad refers to a little family jar in which the gudewife, as usual, comes off victorious. It is instructive to note that it is the appeal of the mother to which the gudeman makes his judicious submission. In Othello, Act II, Scene 3, Iago sings a slightly altered stanza of this ballad which, though it has an English form, was unquestionably of Scottish origin.	
GET UP AN' BAR THE DOOR.—	232
This very old ballad relates most humorously and dramatically a little marital controversy, with the usual issue. When sung with appreciation of the characters and the droll situations it has few equals.	
FINE FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY.—	234
In Professor Child's most comprehensive work "The English and Scottish Popular Ballads" this very old ballad will be found, in Vol. 1, Page 218, under the title of "The Cruel Mother." Only a few detached verses are given, but enough to illustrate the old style of ballad with the repetition of a phrase or "owercome" every other line, and also to convey a most lovely melody.	
AYE WAUKIN O'.—	236
Both the words and the melody of this song are very old, and have been retouched at various times by various authors.	
O WALY, WALY.—	238
This beautiful old song has been variously supposed to refer to some circumstance in the life of Queen Mary or of some of the ladies of her Court, and to the affecting tale of the divorced wife of James, Second Marquis of Douglas. The suggestion has been plausibly made that the song suggests more vividly the anguish of a betrayed damsel than the plaint of a divorced wife. The air is very old.	

ALLISTER MAC ALLISTER.—	PAGE 240
There can be no question about the vividness of the picture presented in these verses or about the felicity with which it is limned. The author has, however, successfully maintained his anonymity. The air is a very popular Strathspey.	
MUIRLAND WILLIE.—	242
As Burns has aptly written: "This lightsome ballad gives a particular drawing of those ruthless times when thieves were rife and the lads went a-wooing in their warlike habiliments, not knowing whether they would tilt with lips or lances." The air is believed to form the basis of "My Boy Tammy."	
LEEZIE LINDSAY.—	244
A considerable portion of this old ballad was published in 1806, whilst imitations of the original words have been produced by various writers. The air—an old Highland melody exists in various versions.	
THE BROOM O' THE COWDEN KNOWES.—	246
There is a family group of ballads all referring to "The Broom," and evidently deriving their existence from what must have been a very popular original, now irrevocably lost. The version given here is that which appeared in Allan Ramsay's "Tea Table Miscellany" (1724).	
HEY THE BONNIE BRIEST KNOTS.—	248
The words and air of this song are to be found in Vol. II of Johnson's "Museum" accompanied by the note that they were received from an anonymous correspondent. The verses are written in the broad Buchan dialect.	
WILLIE'S GANE TO MELVILLE CASTLE.—	250
The words and air of this song suffered a long period of neglect but are now well known and appreciated. The contrasted styles in which the ladies placed themselves in evidence with Willie are very happily hit off.	
THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLY.—	252
There are several versions of this ballad differing slightly in detail, but all agreeing as to the main incidents which probably relate to Argyle's raid on Airly and Furtour in 1639. The air is old and distinctly Scottish in character.	
OH! GIN I WERE A BARON'S HEIR.—	254
The air to this popular song is by Joseph William Holder who, though an Englishman born in London, has produced a very pleasing imitation of the Scottish style.	
MY FAITHFU' JOHNNIE.—	256
I have been unable to find the authorship of this very dainty Scotch song. The music is attributed to Beethoven.	
BONNIE LADDIE HIELAND LADDIE.—	258
The melody is very old and is based upon an air entitled "Cockle Shells" which was published in 1657. There are several songs and airs in the older repertoire—on this favorite theme of the "Highland Laddie."	



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